NOVEMBER 22, 1947

SATURDAY NIGHT

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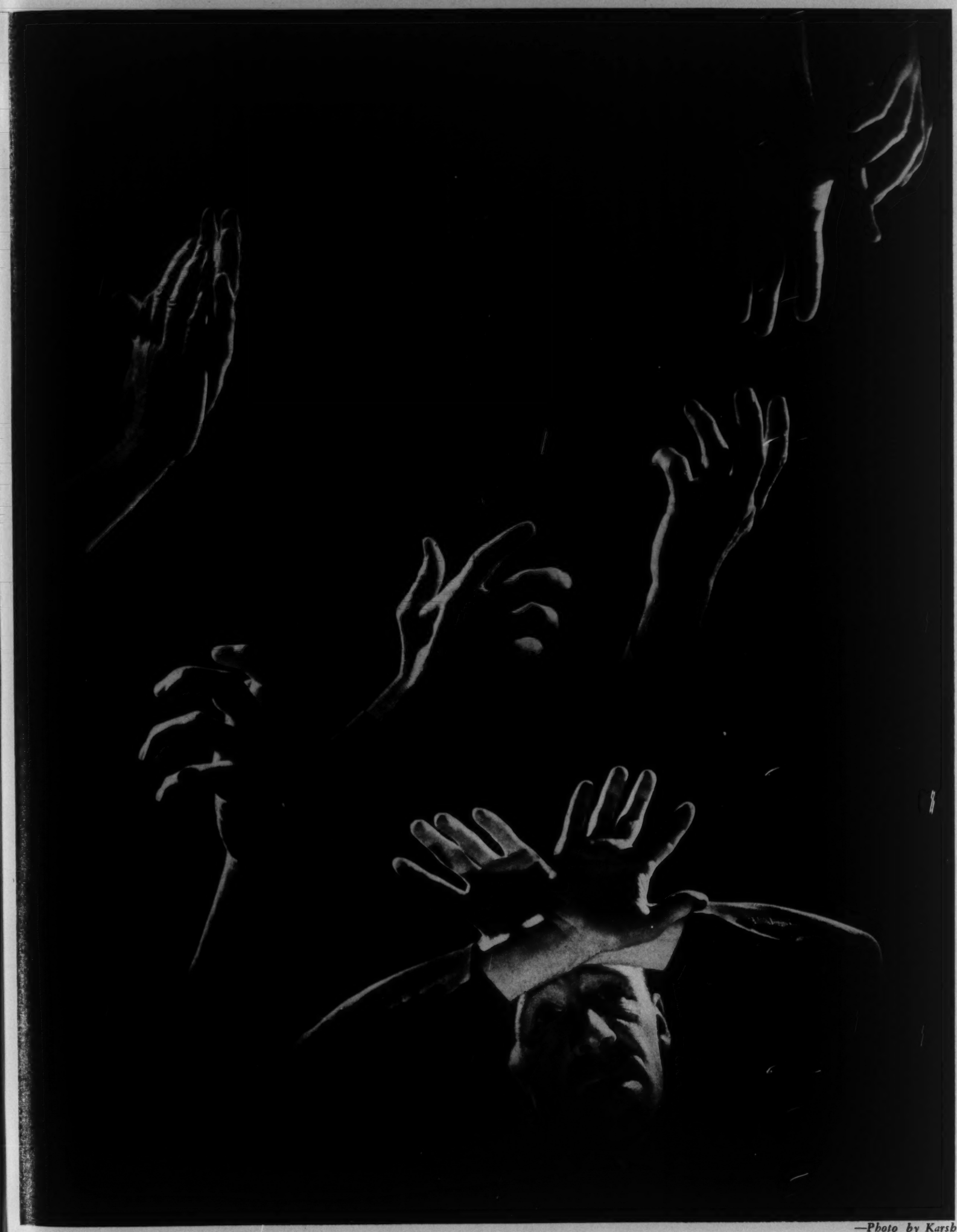
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



—Photo by Karsh

Gratien Gélinas, the French Canadian "Fridolin" whose skilful and light-touch humor tickles both English and French audiences, is too busy writing a new production, to open next March, for a review this year. Versatile Fridolin will direct, play the lead and perhaps—he told us this week—do an English version.

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THE FRONT PAGE

King, Abbott and Truman

MR. KING, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Truman spoke to us from London, Ottawa and Washington during the past week and said things of the very greatest importance. As far as Canadians are concerned Mr. Abbott, with his far ranging plans for restricting U.S. imports and travel and for a large loan, has taken the centre of the national stage. But his plans can only be defended in relation to the things the others were talking about: the rebuilding of Europe's power to produce (and hence to export) and the broadening and deepening of the channels of world trade.

Mr. Abbott's restrictions are needed because we have been spending abroad so much more than we have been earning. They were quite unavoidable. We do not yet know all the details of their administration, but in broad outline they are well conceived. They become the law of the land and they deserve the support and obedience of all law-abiding citizens.

Two criticisms can be made of Mr. Abbott's plans. One is that they are almost entirely negative and restrictive; the only positive step which he announced, designed to restore our trade balance by increasing exports rather than by cutting imports, was the bonus on gold production. We know that the government has plans for assisting other industries to increase their earnings of U.S. dollars or to supplant imports from U.S.A. The sooner these plans are known and discussed the better.

The second criticism concerns the form of controls. We learn that Mr. Howe's department plans to pass upon individual permits for imports of all capital goods. This system will bog down. Mr. Howe, always an optimist on such matters, should have learned better from his experience with wartime controls, and particularly from the breakdown of his control over construction.

Mr. King . . .

FOR positive proposals to increase rather than restrict production and trade we have to look to Mr. King's speech. It gave promise of a better world where import restrictions would be no more. If history goes the way we want it to, the past week will be famous, not because more controls were introduced in Canada or were proposed in the United States, but because the main trading nations of the world solemnly affirmed that such controls were acceptable only as special measures to meet special circumstances.

The "General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade," which had been reached at Geneva and which embodied this and many other basic principles of fair trading, has been lost sight of in the general excitement over sweeping (although in many cases temporarily ineffective) tariff reductions. It is good, too, that Empire Preference has officially been transformed into an instrument for getting tariffs down, rather than keeping them up.

Only in a time of high prosperity in the United States and other countries, only at a time when most people were complaining that most prices were too high, would it have been possible for so many countries to make so many trade "concessions" in the form of lowered tariffs. We may be thankful that the statesmen of these countries, including our own, seized their opportunity.

Mr. Truman . . .

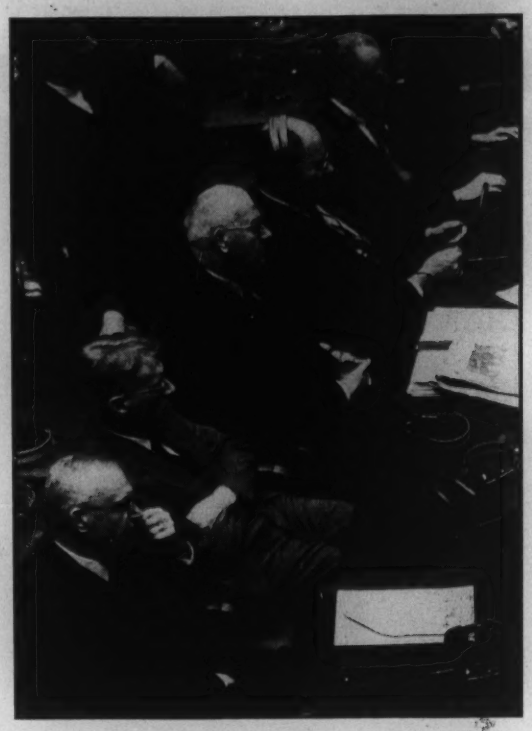
WE MAY be thankful, too, that Congress now seems almost certain to come to the aid of Europe on a reasonably adequate scale. This was the background of Mr. Truman's message to the special session.

But Mr. Truman, as well as Mr. Abbott, was speaking of new controls. People listening to him were amazed by the restrictions with

(Continued on Page Five)

Canadian Delegation to U.N. Works Busily for

Some 75 Canadians comprise this country's delegation to the U.N. Above, are Representatives Lambert, Bradette, Ilsley, Tucker, St. Laurent (chairman) and . . .



. . . Parliamentary Adviser Solon Low. Group here is listening to Secy. Marshall.

Story by Winston C. Burke
Pictures by National Film Board

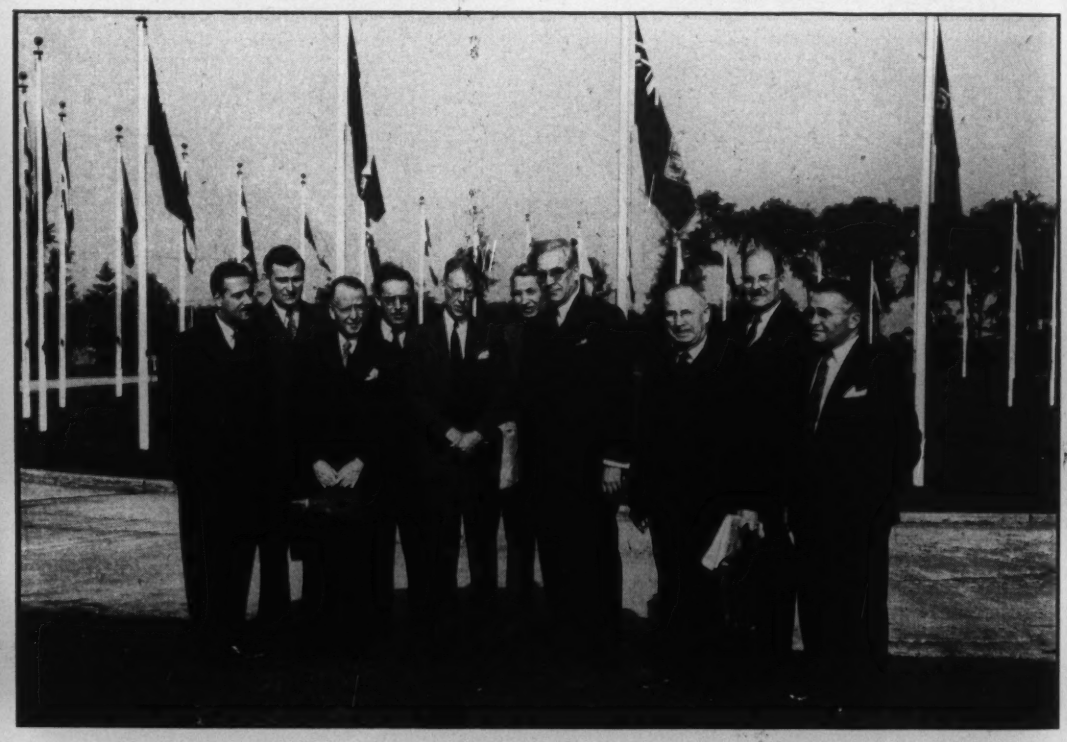
ON the ninth floor of mid-town New York's Biltmore Hotel, some seventy-five Canadians form this country's spearhead in the world struggle for peace and security. They are the delegates and their advisers who, with a clerical staff from the Department of External Affairs, represent Canada at the U.N.

Ably headed by Secretary of State for External Affairs, Rt. Hon. Louis S. St. Laurent, assisted by senior cabinet minister Rt. Hon. J. L. Ilsley, the delegation proper is made up of five Representatives, five Alternates, five Parliamentary Advisers and sixteen delegation advisers.

The clerical staff of forty works from early morning till late at night in improvised hotel-room "offices." The whole group shows little interest in the famed bistros of Broadway, perhaps because they lack the time or money for such expensive glamour.

Canadian delegates have accepted the chairmanship of the Committee on Procedures and Organization and, as proof of their readiness for action, a seat on the turbulent Security Council—Canada's most responsible journey into the realm of world affairs.

Escott Reid, alternate representative for Canada, answers a question during early morning press conference. At left rear is S. F. Rae, Canadian Information Service chief.

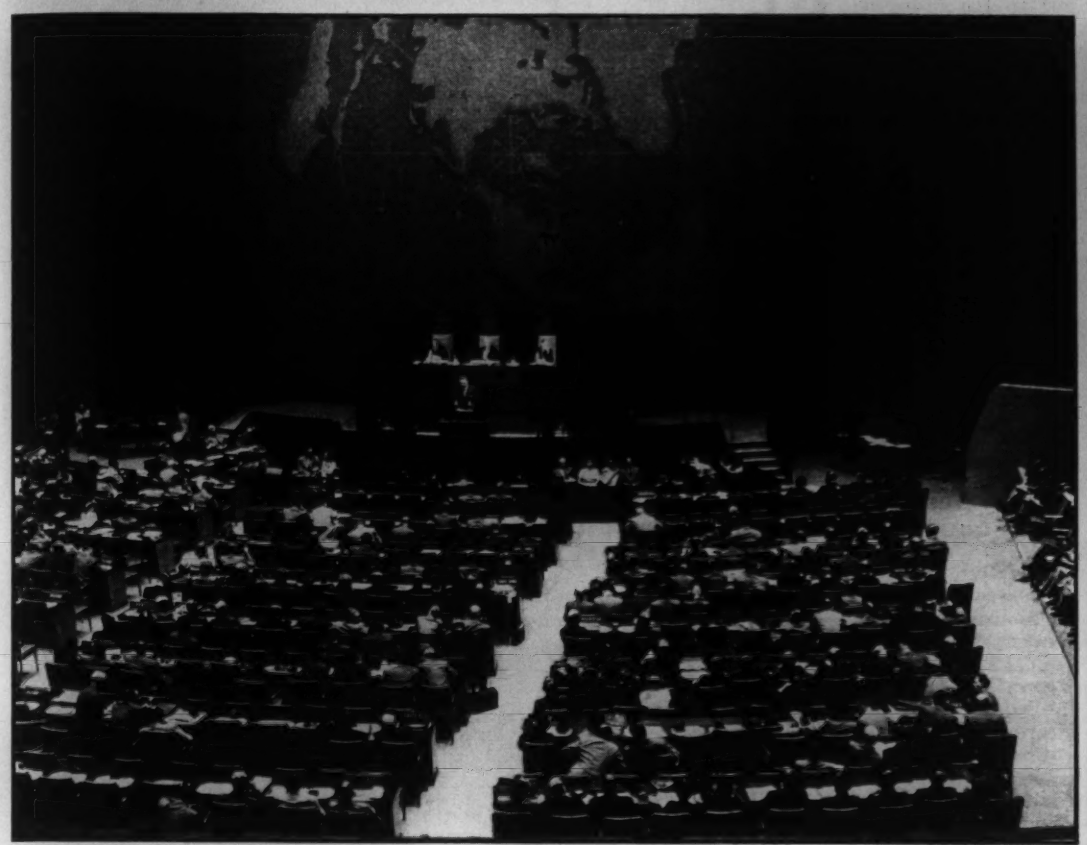


Canada's delegation to the U.N. assembly consists of five Representatives, five Alternates; five Parliamentary Advisers and 16 Delegation Advisers, plus clerical staff.

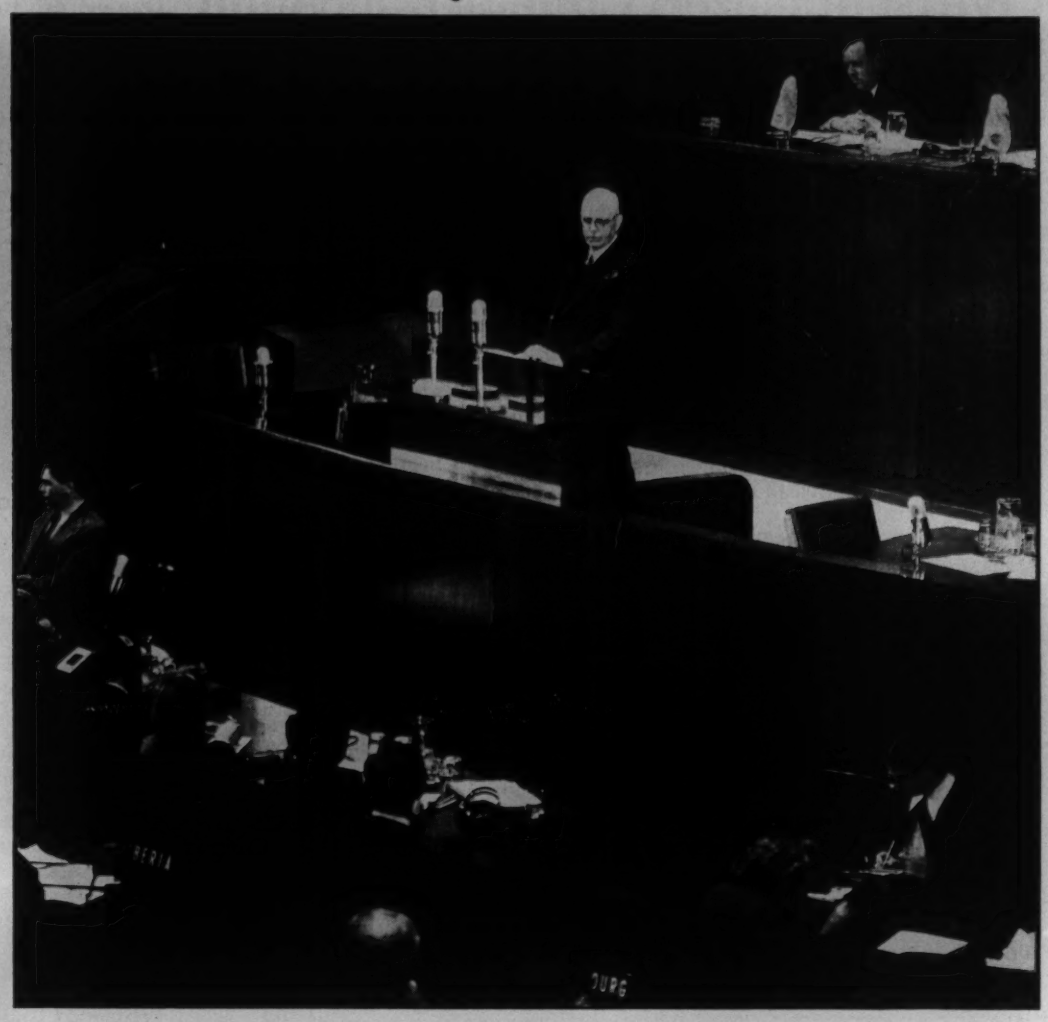
Rt. Hon. Louis S. St. Laurent is introduced to the Archbishops of Lima and Sao Paulo, Brazil (right), after service at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Left, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, greets Mme. St. Laurent.

Stenographers from Dept. of External Affairs, Claire de Niverville, Joan Brown, Kay Waddell, Mary Leslie in Rockefeller Plaza.

World Peace, Has No Time for N. Y. Night Spots



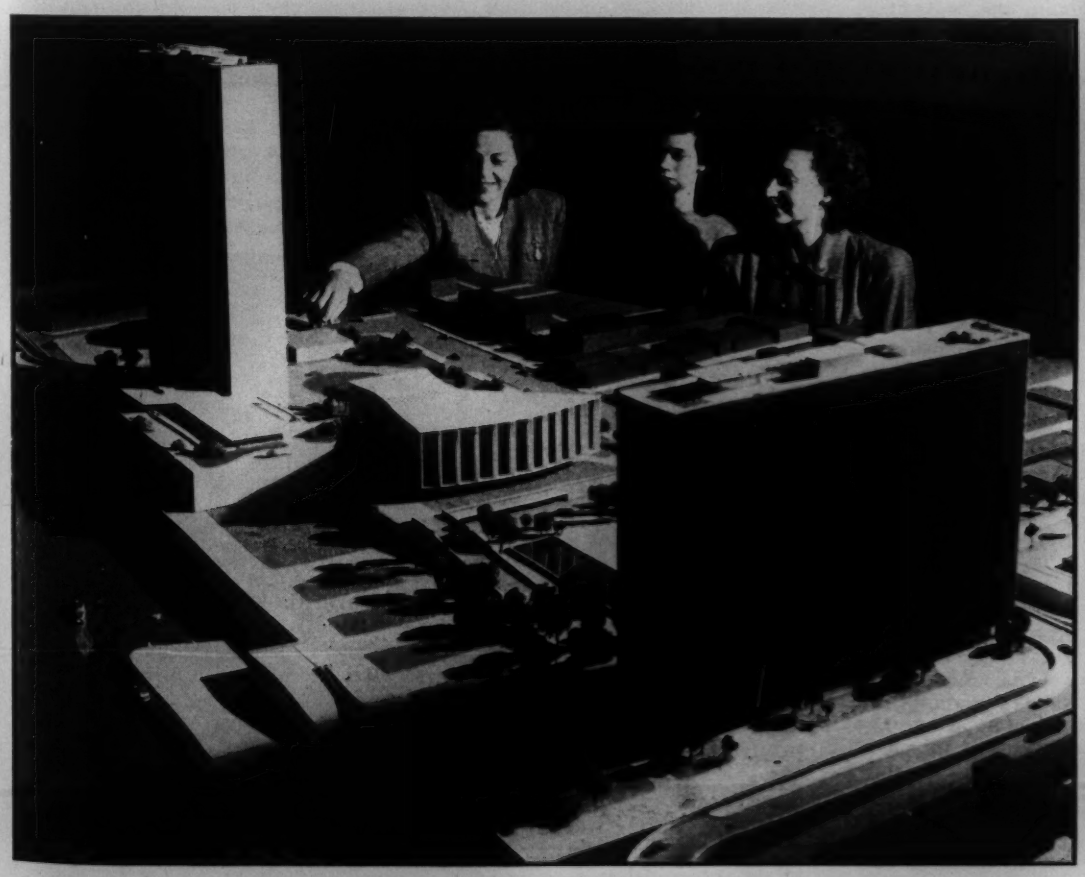
The 57-nation General Assembly of U.N. at Flushing Meadow; the old World's Fair building has been remodelled and equipped with simultaneous translation in five languages.



The Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent addressing the General Assembly when he warned the world that the indiscriminate use of the veto would wreck the United Nations.

Film star Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., not as well known in role of vice-president of American United Nations Association, talking in French to Canadian and French representatives.

H. E. Dr. Jose Arce, permanent representative of Argentina (right), in conversation with Senator A. J. Leger, a Parliamentary Adviser of the Canadian delegation.



Examining model of U.N. permanent headquarters now being built, Florence Johns, Toronto, photo liaison, Lois Baker, Ottawa, teletypist, Gladis Hushion, Montreal, sound-recording.

U. S. Secretary of State George Marshall greets Mr. St. Laurent (left) and Walter A. Tucker at an official reception to delegates in the Waldorf-Astoria.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Overspecialized College Education Promoting a Dangerous Trend

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

CAN the training given in Canadian universities be improved? At the risk of being called a "wretched, rash, intruding fool" and drawing fire from all quarters, I should like to state a point of view and offer a suggestion.

In the universities, we are trying to educate Canadians who, after graduation, will take their place in our society as lawyers, journalists, engineers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, etc., and from that group, in the fullness of time, we shall get many of our community leaders. In addition to the professions, the universities teach scientific disciplines. Recently there has been such an increase in the amount of research done within the universities that they often appear to exist mainly for that purpose.

The idea that the humanities are little more than an ornament of the mind—a mere embellishment—has often been expressed. This is a dangerous concept and we can afford to have no misunderstanding about it. The humanities are that vital system of ideas about man and the universe by which we live. The basic values and attitudes of our civilization are not new and, in my opinion, a greater attempt should be made to teach them in our universities. The body of scientific research grows hour by hour, but the "wisdom within all knowledge" grows more gradually. If Canadians are to move with assurance in a bewildering world, solicited on every hand by conflicting theories and "new" ideas, we must know how our forefathers coped with comparable problems.

Education ought to be something more than mere vocational training or narrow specialization.

The trend in universities has been to teach more and more, to keep adding to the program of the student. The authorities realize full well *what the student ought to know* when he or she graduates, but they have perhaps lost sight of the fact that *human beings have a limited capacity to learn and a very limited time to spend in the university.* The quantity of information to be mastered is staggering and most courses have been so crammed with information which has an immediate and practical application that the broader disciplines, which train not only the professional man or woman, the engineer, the doctor, the lawyer, the nurse, the scientist, but also *the man* or *the woman*, the Canadian and the citizen, have had to be excluded or relegated to a position of inferiority.

The casual reader of a university calendar will be appalled by the multiplicity of subjects and the load which the average undergraduate must carry. From early morning until late at night it is a ceaseless round of lectures, laboratories, reports and assignments. Every available minute of the day is accounted for and there is all too little time left for thought or reading. If one asks those in authority to lighten the burden, to let in some fresh air, and to provide at least a little time for thoughtful leisure, they invariably reply: "That is most desirable, but it simply cannot be done. The students must know all the subjects which are now on the curriculum."

The difficulty is that the students do not and cannot; the subjects which they study are too vast and too numerous. I suggest that if professional societies, realizing the urgent necessity of simplifying university courses and getting back to the teaching of basic principles, were to give more serious thought to the matter, they could help by suggesting ways and means.

It is difficult to define what makes human beings rich or poor; it has nothing to do with their material possessions, their bank accounts, their education or lack of it. What we should be careful to avoid, however, is the impoverishment of our students by overspecialization at the undergraduate level. If we fail, we shall create a narrow-minded individual, learned in some one thing, but who has no general knowledge, no ideas, and who will be merely technically competent in his or her chosen field. The most serious danger is that such a person will lack perspective and critical spirit; he or she will be an easy mark for charlatans and crackpots.

DENNIS HEALY, Assistant Professor,
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA.
Edmonton, Alta.

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Contain Americanism

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

AS WILLSON WOODSIDE challenges me to "come out in the open" and say that I "favor the spread of Communism" (S.N., Nov. 1), may I have enough space, please, to come out in the open and say I don't? For me, however, if it is necessary to "contain Communism," it is getting to be equally necessary to "contain Americanism." I hope Mr. Woodside will accept my apology for this "confused or wilful slander." Finally a correction: in referring to myself and others as "fellow travellers," your Foreign Editor refers to one of us as "the Zilliaci." Isn't he seeing double?

Westmount, Que. LESLIE ROBERTS

Tally-Ho!

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOU publish an article on so-called "hunt" clubs which must have John Peel spinning like a dervish in his grave (S.N., Nov. 8). Riding is a fine sport worthy of publicity. But shades of Marie Antoinette! what the C.C.F. can't do with this type of trash!

Readers are shown a score of riders, all properly attired with coats and caps and hounds (presumably the horses wouldn't stand for any other garb) hot on the trail of what? "It is hoped that next year foxes will replace drags." One can just visualize the old squire as he leaves his tenth-storey flat in the Chateau Laurier, driving out to the Club in his Packard, and riding off for a dashing afternoon of red-blooded, he-man sport!

Ogden Nash has beaten SATURDAY NIGHT by years:

"So please somebody carry me back
to Ole Virginny,
Where gentlemen are gentlemen and
a lady is known by the product
she endorses.
Where the atmosphere is as Southern as an advertisement for a
medium-priced rye whiskey,
And the Virginians from Virginia
have to ride automobiles because
the Virginians from Long Island
are the only ones who can afford
to ride horses."

Ottawa, Ont. H. W. SOMERVILLE

Miracles and Human Destiny

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOU treat editorially Bishop Barnes' self-confessed "'prejudice'—using the word in its original sense" against the miracles recorded in the Bible (S.N., Oct. 25). To offset this "prejudice" and to get the other side of the question, one should, in the interests of truth, wherever it lies, refer to "Miracles" by C. S. Lewis or to "Human Destiny" by the scientist, Le Comte Du Nouy, which deals with "the postulate of the large-scale, or finite-scale uniformity of nature, which is fundamental in modern science," and arrives at very different conclusions to those of Bishop Barnes.

Cobourg, Ont. F. H. BREWIN

Editorial Influence?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE Department of National Revenue (Taxation) recently announced a new method of calculation and collection of income tax whereby the taxpayer reports his income and the Department calculates the tax payable.

We will leave it to you to determine to what extent this change is attributable to your editorial policy. We content ourselves by quoting from an editorial in SATURDAY NIGHT as follows: "The sooner the present policy of requesting the plain people of Canada to do the impossible in scheming out what they owe in Federal income is abandoned the better. It is virtually unworkable. . . . The people simply have not the training nor the ability to master all the details and to furnish anything like a correct return. Those in charge of the Income Department should have understood this from the beginning. . . . The sensible plan is to have the people forward their own statement as to income, and claimed exemptions, and from that submit to them the bill of what they owe."

In assessing the influence of your editorial policy on government officials some weight should be given to the fact that the above quotations are from an editorial in the issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, April 16, 1921.

JOHN A. McCOLL
JAMES H. TURNER
Peterborough, Ont.

Price Trends

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

AT THE present time various groups of Canadian citizens are getting together and emitting loud protesting whoops in the form of letters to the Government, passing resolutions, etc., about the high cost of living. But curiously enough, at the same time, the money being spent on liquor, tobacco, cosmetics, movie admissions, etc., is at a historic high. This anomaly is studiously ignored and unexplained by the aforesaid groups. Not that everyone shouldn't be free to spend their money for these things as they please; not at all, for it's still a free country, isn't it?

But while the uproar is at its loudest, why not take a moment or two to look at some other and more pertinent facts? On p. 3 of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics Bulletin entitled "Living Costs in Canada 1940", we find that the cost of living index, on its present computed basis, rose from 80 per cent in 1913 to about 150 per cent in 1920, an increase of 90 per cent. On the same basis it has moved from 101.5 per cent in 1939 to 139.4 per cent in August 1947 and Mr. Abbott was guessing the other day that it might hit 145 per cent or an increase of about 45 per cent. The increase in the cost of living, therefore, in the World War II and postwar period has not yet even reached the 1920 figure and is at about half the rate of the World War I period. When one considers the toboggan slide that followed 1920, this comment, therefore, has to do with one point and one point only. What likelihood is there of lower prices ahead and when?

It is suggested that reference be made to p. 188 of Dewey and Dakin's "Cycles." This volume is an excellent piece of research into the price movements, up and down, of this continent. There we find graphically described the major business trends for many decades, and that the prevailing cyclical trend from 1913 to 1920 was upward.

On the other hand, reference to the diagram on p. 189 of the same volume pictures the uniformly downward trend of all four major price rhythms commencing about 1947. Of course, the more snooty of our local economists look down their noses at this piece of research work as a valid approach to our present economic problems. But does any discerning Canadian who lived through the '20s, the '30s and the '40s want to buck the trend that is so plainly outlined as suggested above? Mr. Dewey propounds no theories, makes no forecasts, predicts nothing. He submits the facts, gives his sources, puts them in graphic form and dares observers to ignore them.

Toronto, Ont. DON STAIRS

Passing Show

THE Russians having now discovered that Marconi did not invent radio, we await with impatience the announcement that Marx did not invent Communism.

•

Now that the Russians have an atom bomb all that we need is for the democracies to get a Comintern and everything will be fair and square all round.

•

What would be the attitude of organized labor if an association of employers adopted the principle that none of its rules regarding employment should be subject to arbitration?

•

Looks like Marshal Stalin did his Christmas shopping early.

•

The latest thing in British Columbia is said to be a marriage certificate with a divorce application form attached as a coupon.

•

The trouble with this business of splitting the atom is that it also splits the human race.

•

What Price Freedom?

The value of liberty seems to depend somewhat on what you use it for. In India the Hindus and Moslems are using it chiefly to slit one-another's throats.

•

A holiday used to be a Holy Day. Now it's either a day on which you get paid for doing nothing or a day on which you get paid more than usual for doing less than usual.

•

The problem of defence against the atom bomb is "not an immediate one" according to Col. W. W. Goforth. The Russians may not agree with him.

Whatever may be said about the speeches of the Progressive Conservative leader, they don't set the Bracken afire.

•

We don't know which annoys us more: Mr. Ben Hecht, or not being allowed to know what Mr. Hecht is saying to annoy us.

•

The program notes of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra tell us that Mendelssohn died on November 4, 1947. An almost immortal musician.

•

The same notes tell us that the guest artist "is meticulate about everything pertaining to his health—cultivates gymnastics, watches his diet, smokes incessantly."

•

Canadian educationist reports that Britons are turning to teaching as an occupation "in a big way." One good result of the fact that Britons can no longer make much money at anything else.

•

Ectoplasmic Organist

A Suffolk, England, church has a ghostly organist who plays the organ when there is no living person there. Wonder whether he uses the electrical pump or brings an equally ghostly organblower.

•

Mr. Petrillo seems determined to break the record industry.

•

A writer on the coming import restrictions observes that last year we bought five hundred thousand dollars' worth of buttons from U.S.A. Is the government going to cut them off too?

•

It's all in the spelling. Every time somebody anncunces the finding of a Communist cell in a democratic country, Moscow explains that it is just a "sell."

•

Lucy says that the trouble with the the new evening gowns is that when you have one on you can't go anywhere except in a motor-car and yet you can't get into a motor-car.

Sir Frederick Wells was elected recently as Lord Mayor of London in succession to Sir Bracewell Smith. The scene above in the Guildhall shows the City Recorder (centre front) announcing his election. Sir Frederick is seated rear centre with the retiring Lord Mayor in robes of office.

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

which he apparently wanted to saddle (or should we say bridle?) the American people. Bank and consumer credit, commodity speculation, exports, railway facilities, agricultural production and conservation, sales and inventories of scarce commodities, rentals, consumer rationing, price ceilings, and (almost as an afterthought) wage ceilings—all these things were to be subject to legislation which he was asking Congress to pass. Compared with all this socialism, Mr. Abbott's statements about import restrictions, tax adjustments, subsidies and so forth, seem modest indeed.

There is without doubt a large element of politics in Mr. Truman's request. If the Republican majority in Congress turns down a number, perhaps most or even all, of his proposed controls he can blame them for inflation at election time next year. In fact his control program is so sweeping, and so impractical under present circumstances and in the present mood of the American people, that the Republicans must surely be tempted to pass it completely just to make sure that the Truman Administration obtains the maximum unpopularity within the next twelve months. In the midst of all this political jockeying we must remember that it is the accepted way of getting things done down there and that things usually work out all right in the end.

All in all, it has been a sobering but a very encouraging week. Much uncertainty is now over; our own restrictions might well have been worse; U.S. help for the reconstruction of Europe seems assured; and the leading nations of the free world have reached a trade agreement that is as broad in its scope as it is inspiring in its purpose.

TORNADO

HE WATCHED the blackness taking shape, the weaving
Cobra-head of disaster drawing near,
Filled with a curious kind of exultation:
Awe, and surprise, and wonder, but not fear.
Words of old hymns came to his mind, and snatches
Of Psalms, remembered from boyhood and duly stored:
"I will lift up mine eyes . . . " "The Lord is my rock and my fortress!"
"Wondrous and mighty are Thy ways, O Lord!"
Till God lost patience finally, and shoved him
Into the earth, slamming the shelter door
Just as the cobra struck, its forked tongue hissing
Out of the cloud and the sky caved in with a roar.

R. H. GRENVILLE

Margarine's Chance

NOW is the time to get rid of our ban on the making or importing of margarine. For years inertia has been on the side of the ban, but now, within a matter of months, the government may be forced to take one or two steps in the field.

The International Trade Charter, to be discussed at the Havana Conference beginning this month, would prohibit just such prohibitions as we have on the import of margarine. The Acting Prime Minister has, however, said that our prohibition will be replaced by a prohibitive tariff!

But it is more important for us to get rid of the ban on manufacture than the ban on imports, and this matter will have to be raised when the question of admitting Newfoundland to Canada comes before parliament. Again, the government has indicated that while, as a province, Newfoundland would be allowed to go on making margarine, the export of it to other provinces would be prohibited. In other words a basic principle of Confederation, free trade between the provinces, would be over-ridden.

In the United States and other countries, where production of margarine is allowed under certain restrictions and taxes, a reasonable measure of protection has been given to dairy farmers without giving them a complete monopoly of the butter-and-butter-substitute field. Rather than follow such a sensible policy, our government seems bent on acting

GET BUSY, SANTA, OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR CHRISTMAS

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counter to the spirit of our international agreements and counter to the spirit of Confederation. Get in touch with your M.P., before he goes up to Ottawa on December 5, and tell him what you think about it.

Christmas Seals

DURING the next few days most of our readers will be receiving Christmas seals by post from the Canadian Tuberculosis Association—together with a request for a gift. We urge you to give generously, and to let others know what you are doing by using the seals on your Christmas mail.

At the beginning of this century 200 people out of every 100,000 died of T.B.; last year only 47 out of every 100,000 died of it. The good work must be kept up and nine-tenths of the money raised by the Association comes from Christmas seals.

Transferable Vote

THE progress of the Socialist party in Canada has been vastly greater in some provinces than in others, and where it has been great it has practically obliterated the differences between the two older parties. In Saskatchewan Socialism has become strong enough to secure control of the local Government, and the only reason why there has been no coalition of the old parties against it is that one of them is so weak as to be negligible. In British Columbia it has become so strong that it almost unquestionably would at the last election have secured the Government if the old parties, both of which have considerable strength, had not coalesced against it.

In Ontario a similar situation might easily develop within a short time, and the prospect of it is a strong factor in impeding the recovery of the provincial Liberal party from the setback it experienced during Mr. Hepburn's leadership. In Quebec the Socialists have no prospect of getting anywhere at all, and in Alberta they have been headed off by the rise of a freak party with a special nostrum for the dissatisfactions which elsewhere produce the demand for Socialism; in both these provinces the opposition to the Liberal party does not describe itself as Conservative, but would almost certainly unite with the Conservatives if the union would produce a majority in the Dominion Parliament.

The time does not appear to be ripe for a sharp division all over Canada between Socialists and anti-Socialists, for it is pretty certain that in the country as a whole the Socialists are still far from any hope of attaining to power. But until that division becomes possible and natural—as it seems, for example, to be natural and inevitable now in Great Britain—we are faced with the prospect of three great parties contending for almost every seat in the House of Commons, and of a good many Socialists being elected by minority votes in constituencies in which the anti-Socialist voters would overwhelm the Socialists if only they were not divided between two anti-Socialist parties.

In these conditions the only way of arriving at an intelligible and accurate expression of the wishes of the electorate is the transferable vote. If the Socialist candidate gets 35 per cent of the votes, under our present system, and the Conservative 33 and the Liberal 32, the Socialist is automatically elected, in spite of the fact that hardly one of the 65 per cent against him would give him their second choice. If the Liberals, their candidate being eliminated on the first round, gave (as they probably would) a second-choice vote of 30 per cent to the Conservative and 2 per cent to the Socialist, the final result would be 63 anti-Socialist and 37 per cent Socialists, which would give a far more accurate picture of the wishes of the constituency than would the election of a candidate supported by only 35 per cent of first choices and 2 per cent of seconds.

An Honorary Degree

THIS week the University of Toronto is giving honorary degrees to a number of distinguished men, but all the discussion is centering on one of them—Mr. George McCullagh.

Our own feeling is that, although we often disagree with the editorial columns of *The Globe and Mail*, it has unquestionably become one of the very best newspapers in Canada. Toronto and the rest of Ontario have good reason to be grateful to its publisher. This is the sort of service for which universities on this continent customarily award honorary degrees and, while we are not entirely in sympathy with the custom, we would gladly agree that, on the basis of it, Mr. McCullagh is a very proper person to receive such an honor. Further, he has a far better claim to it than the publisher of any paper outside Canada.

On the other hand he is a member of the Board of Governors of the University, and that Board in fact decides who shall get honorary degrees. Although there are precedents to the contrary, we feel very strongly indeed that the Board should never, under any circumstances, award these honors to its own appointed members. Such awards cheapen the degrees and raise ugly comments about the people who get them. There is no need for unseemly haste. If a member of the Board deserved a degree it would be far better for him and for the University if he waited to receive it until his membership in the Board came to an end. If he was in a hurry to get it he could, of course, resign from the Board.

Canada and the Atom

THE rise of the atomic bomb to a position of supreme importance in warfare has not only changed the nature of warfare, but has also completely changed the nature of the relationship between the United States and Canada. The Canadian deposits of fissionable material are vital to the security of the United States, and are situated close to the northern boundary of the Dominion, where they are exposed to the possibility of enemy seizure; and Canada alone is quite incapable of providing them with adequate protection—which must of course be land and air protection, so that the British navy is equally incapable of doing anything about it. The United States could more easily endure an enemy occupation of many parts of its own continental territory than an enemy occupation of the northern barrens of Alberta.

In a world of comparative peace and security this might not be a major factor, though it could never be an unimportant factor, in the relations between the two countries. But in a world like that of the present moment it is supremely important. There is however very little that Canada can do about it except to endeavor to secure the best economic consideration she can from her southern neighbor in return for the privilege of drawing upon our supplies of these essential materials. They are unfortunately materials to which it is impossible to assign a market value in the same way in which we assign that value to ordinary commodities. They cannot be offered to competing buyers and the devil take the lowest bidder. In a very real sense they could not be withheld from the United States even if that country refused to pay anything for them at all, for our actual physical possession of them is dependent upon American protection, and that protection is in turn dependent upon American access to the materials in question.

We are therefore, it would seem, in a position not dissimilar to that of Panama when the construction of the Panama Canal became an imperative necessity for the maintenance of American naval power. Much will depend upon the tact and ingenuity of our governments during the next few years, and much also upon the generosity with which the American people use their power, and the moderation with which they take advantage of the excuse provided by their necessity. It is a pity that we have not permitted ourselves to acquire a somewhat larger population, for a greater ability to protect ourselves would have meant a greater bargaining capacity.

A Home for the Pope?

COMMUNIST riots in Italy, and the threat of civil war, raise the question: Where will the Pope go if Communism takes possession of the country?

As Mr. John Stevenson points out, in his article on page 18 of this issue, His Holiness might very well think of coming to Canada. And this, in a country where races and religions are rather nicely balanced, must lead to another question: Would it be in the national interest, for Catholics and non-Catholics, for French Canadians and English Canadians, to invite him here?

Dim Out

AT THE last Symphony Concert in Massey Hall, during the Mendelssohn number which was just as dull as the program notes warned us it would be, we found ourselves counting the lights around the decorative canopy at the back of the hall. There were seventy-six, and thirty of them were burned out.

OPEN SECRET

IN Ottawa the seekers for truth
Are the lads compiling Statistics
They bend themselves to the task uncouth
Like astrological mystics.
They range afar after grains of fact
That in their alembics will be packed,
To emerge in fearsome Reports, blue-backed,
As unpoetical distichs.

Suppose you travel to Florida,
Or possibly otherwhere.
The inquiring wizards of Ottawa
In spirit follow you there,
And when you re-cross the border-line
You get a card, as a Welcome sign;
(If you don't believe it, I'll lend you mine;)
A statistical questionnaire.

"How much did you spend in foreign places,
And where did you go and why,
Did you have some passable luck at the Races,
Was the weather rainy or dry?
Were you playing poker or plain *écarté?*
Are you feeling tired or fresh and hearty?
Were you all alone, or one of a party?
And tell us, what did you buy?"

You empty yourself upon the card
And mail it at once "for free."
Your coming home is a trifle hard,
Or so it appears to me.
I suppose this sort of thing is essential,
But I ask, in a manner reverential,
Why a post-card is labelled CONFIDENTIAL?
Oh, beautiful mystery!

J. E. M.

"Cold War" with Russia in New and Critical Phase

By DAVID SCOTT

Russia, like the United States, has shifted her ground from the military to the economic sphere. But on the day she cracked her whip over her European satellites and refused to let them benefit by the Marshall Plan, she automatically assumed responsibility for their future welfare. Dependence on Russia will reduce the satellites' already low standard of living and strain their allegiance.

Is it really worth while for Russia to push the Iron Curtain to the western shores of Europe? How can she assume an economic responsibility for which even the wealth of the United States may be insufficient?

Mr. Scott suggests that Stalin is not the dictator we commonly believe him to be, that really his tenure of office is as insecure as that of any Commissar.

IN MY LAST article (S.N., Nov. 8) I pointed out the dilemma that might confront the United States government if the Marshall Plan brought economic relief to western Europe but none the less failed to prevent the further spread of Communism; and I concluded that economic aid must be given impartially, subject to certain guarantees for the free choice of their governments by the peoples receiving it, if it was to be given at all.

Since then the problem has been carried a stage farther by my distinguished colleague, Walter Lippmann, who has the advantage over me of being fresh from a visit to central and eastern Europe, where he has been able to gather first-hand impressions of the attitude of the satellites of Russia toward the Plan and of the conditions in which it will have to be applied.

In so doing he has made a discovery of first-rate importance: that success of the Plan depends on the inclusion of the eastern European States, or at least on a *modus vivendi* which will enable normal trading relations between them and western Europe to be restored.

Walter Lippmann, I have noticed, shares with his equally famous *confrère* Pertinax — André Géraud, an old friend with whom I have broken a lance on occasion — an amusing peculiarity of these high-powered diplomatic commentators. When they are right their authority is beyond question, for they stand in a class by themselves and what they say is the last word on whatever subject they may be discussing. But when they are wrong, as sometimes happens even to them, oh boy, how wrong they are! Always giving good measure to their readers, they take care to make their occasional failures as resounding as their successes in the realm of political prediction. Nobody minds except the officials whose telephones are set ringing by the rare "boners" of these oracles; they, of course, prefer the mediocre writer who meekly follows their instructions to the journalistic star who flutters their dovecotes daily or weekly, right or wrong.

Right and Wrong

In the present case, however, I am as sure that Lippmann is right about the essential interdependence of Western and Eastern Europe, even in the application of the Marshall Plan, as I am sure that he held his neck out by his recent assertion that the "cold war" was already won, that the tactics of the Kremlin were the tactics of desperation, and that the problem for the United States was no longer how to contain the Soviets —"they are already contained"—but how to push toward a settlement, relax the tension, end the panic.

Lippmann himself has now made nonsense of that line of argument, for if his latest analysis means anything at all, it means that Russia holds the key to success or failure of the Marshall Plan in Europe. If success depends on the resumption of normal trading relations between East and West, then so long as Russia can prevent her satellites from taking part in the application of the Plan, she can ensure its failure. And we have the word of Zhdanov, Stalin's understudy for the leadership of the Soviet Union, that Russia will ensure its failure by all means in her power.

Counter-Offensive

This is a highly uncomfortable fact, and one that easily explains the tendency of the State Department to gloss over the long-term implications of the Plan in its efforts to drag out of a reluctant Congress the appropriations needed to set it going. So far from being already won, the "cold war" would seem to have entered on a new and critical phase in which it is Russia, for the time being at any rate, who calls the tune. Her open attempt to sabotage the Plan, proclaimed by one of her most powerful spokesmen and backed by the intensified wrecking tactics of the various "national" Communist parties in Europe and the institution of the Cominform, is the Kremlin's counter-offensive against the Truman doctrine.

Faced with the (temporary) superior offensive power of the United States, but noting that the State Department, after Russia's quick stroke in Hungary, hastened to temper the blow of help for Greece and Turkey with an offer of economic aid to all Europe, including Russia and her satellites if they would behave themselves, the Kremlin took Marshall at his word. "Very well," said the Red leaders in effect, "if you shift your ground from the military to the economic sphere, we can do the same, and beat you to it".

They then proceeded to bring the satellites to heel and proclaim their total opposition to the Marshall Plan, calculating in advance what we (thanks to Lippmann among others) are only now beginning to realize: that American resources alone would not be enough to set even Western Europe on its feet, and that sooner or later the U.S. and its European protégés would be forced to seek Russian approval and Russian collaboration to make their program a reality. And it goes without saying that Russian collaboration can be had only at a price, which cannot be less than tacit, if not explicit, abandonment of the Truman Doctrine and practical concessions to the Soviet Union.

Fortunately for us, the law of averages remains a constant factor in human affairs, and that law decrees that no advantage can be had without a corresponding disadvantage, which may nullify the advantage or at least impose upon those who seize it, new burdens and responsibilities tending to rob them of an easy victory.

Assumed Responsibility

On the day when Russia cracked her whip over Poland and Czechoslovakia and forced them to conform with her anti-American policy by the threat of denouncing her alliances with them, she automatically assumed responsibility for their future welfare. If for her own reasons she would not let these countries benefit by the Marshall Plan, it was up to her to see that they did not lose too much by their allegiance.

They were included, from that day on, in the Russian plan for reconstruction, which has the advantage over the Marshall Plan of being already in operation and not subject to public criticism, but the disadvantage of being based on resources still largely undeveloped and in many ways inferior to those of the United States. In any case, dependence on the Russian plan means for the eastern European countries a reduction in their standard of living beside which the "austerity" enforced in Britain is a happy picnic party. While his country remains bound to the Russian chariot, the average citizen of Prague or Warsaw, to say nothing of the Bohemian or Polish peasant, who has known better times, must face the prospect of living as the Russian industrial worker or peasant lives today, with nothing but the doubtful inspiration of Communism to compensate him for his hardships.

No doubt the Kremlin takes the view that what's good enough for a citizen of the Soviet Union is good enough for a Pole or a Czech, and it will assure these unfortunates, in and out of season, that their yearning for the good things of life springs from the wicked bourgeois mentality of which they must get rid. Like the early French radicals who took up the cry *"Périssent les colonies, plutôt qu'un principe"*, the Kremlin may think the fleshpots of civilization well lost for its doctrine, at least where the masses for whom it professes to legislate are concerned.

But it may be doubted whether the beneficiaries of Russian "protection" will echo this high-minded creed with any enthusiasm; and its forcible application to the populations of Russia's neighbor states will weaken, by just so much, the ideological unity which forms the backbone of the single-party system.

What is true for Poland, Czechoslovakia and south-eastern Europe

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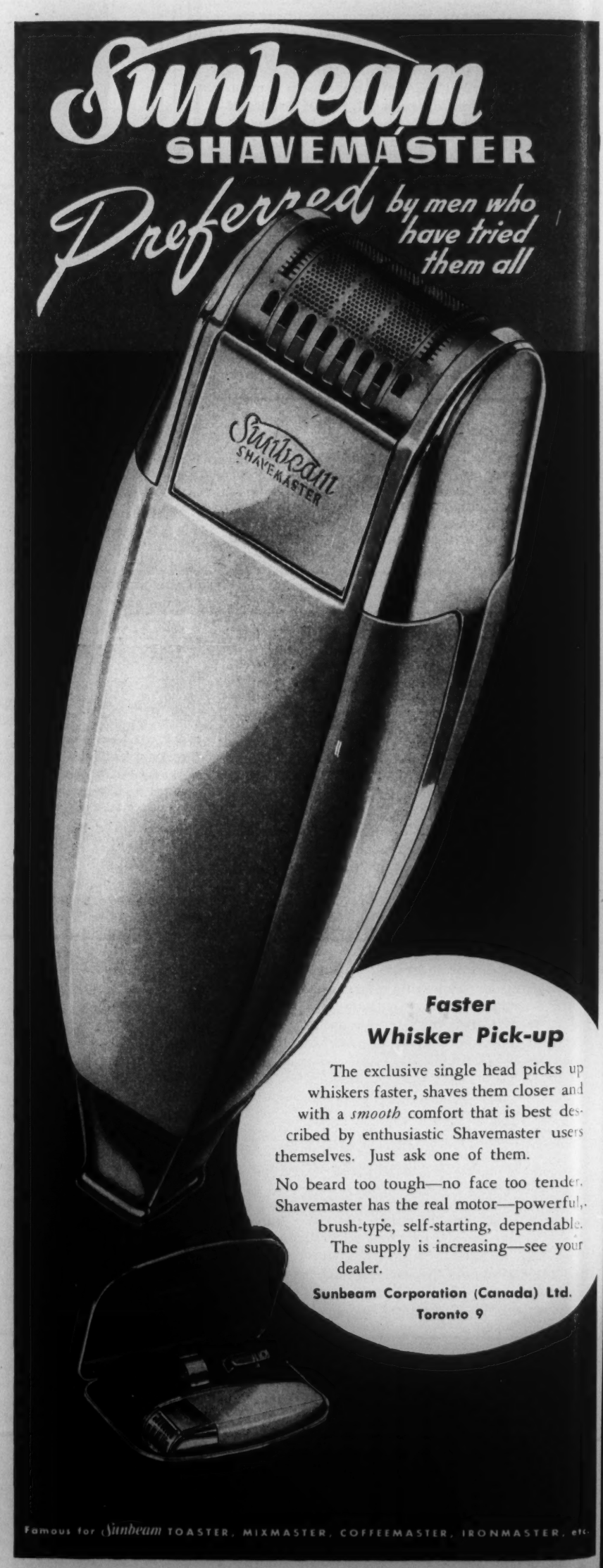
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generally will become doubly true as Russian domination extends—if it does extend—farther westward in Europe, bringing countries with an ever higher standard of life and culture within its grasp. So that sooner or later, by a mathematically calculable process, Communism in its lust for power will repeat the mistake that brought Nazism to its doom, even if it does not have to withstand armed resistance. It will bite off more than it can chew, and the Kremlin, for all its patience and its caution, will find that the establishment of a New Order requires, in the long run, the consent of an effective majority of those who are to come under its sway.

Dilemma

Stalin—or his successor at the head of the Soviet governing body, who may already be selected—has therefore a dilemma of his own before him. Is it really worth while for Russia, and will it conduce to the eventual supremacy of Communism, to push the Iron Curtain to the western shores of Europe, regardless of the risk of preventive action by the United States, if Europe is to be ruined in the process?

Is Russia ready and able to assume the burden of integrating the rest of Germany, France and Italy, to say nothing of the Scandinavian countries, the Low Countries, the potential American bridgehead in Spain, and Britain, who may otherwise be a thorn in Stalin's side as she was in Hitler's, in a Soviet economic system which has yet to "break even" in Russia herself, after 30 years of Communism?

If the economic power of the United States is insufficient to restore prosperity, or even mere solvency, to Europe, is there any chance that resources presently owned or ultimately mobilizable by Russia will suffice to make a Europe unwillingly united under Russian leadership a viable economic unit, able to subsist in isolation from the western world? Is it not far more likely that Russia, even if she succeeds in crushing all open resistance from the western European peoples, will succumb to their passive and underground resistance, as Germany did, the moment Russian military power is weakened or even threatened by a counter-attack from the surviving forces of democracy?

I cannot believe that the risks of over-expansion have not been weighed by Russia's leaders, and if they have, I would hazard a guess that Stalin is for caution, and that if a policy of expansion at all costs has been adopted in the Kremlin, it is because he has been overruled by the militant faction represented by Zhdanov, Molotov and other advocates of "world Communism in our time". If this is so, it would mean the eclipse of Stalin as the Soviet leader—an eclipse which would have to be very carefully managed in view of his personal prestige among the masses, but of which signs are not wanting. Such an eclipse may be already an accomplished fact; it may account for the frequent rumors of his failing health, for reports that his doctors have advised him to delegate his more exacting duties to "other officials", for his mysterious absences from Moscow, even—and especially—for the apparent contradiction between his personal utterances and the aggressive policy followed in the United Nations' Assembly and elsewhere.

Disavowal?

The latest and most striking example of this contradiction was his bland statement to Zilliacus and his group of British Labor M.P.'s, made in his country retreat on the shores of the Black Sea while Vyshinsky was breathing threatenings and slaughter on the shores of Lake Success, that he (Stalin) hoped for an understanding with the western democracies and would welcome economic cooperation with them. Of course, Stalin had to add "when they have recovered their senses" to soften his otherwise astounding disavowal of the Kremlin's official line; even so, it was striking enough, and it may have been more than a political manoeuvre.

We are so accustomed to regard Stalin as the Soviet Dictator that we are apt to overlook or discount the contention, loudly voiced by all Communists and fellow-travellers in arguments with unbelieving *bourgeois*, that by the letter of the Soviet Constitution he can be nothing of the kind. Yet there is no doubt that as long as the provisions of that Constitution are followed in practice, Stalin's tenure of his office, whatever the honors heaped upon him while he serves the purpose of a great national figure, is as insecure as that of any Commissar. He is not President of the Soviet Union; on paper, he is a co-equal member of the Council of People's Commissars, acting as Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief for as long as he enjoys their confidence, but signing their decrees plain "J. Stalin" in his proper place in alphabetical order, well down on the list, and liable to be politely or violently removed at any time if it is considered that he has outlived his usefulness.

On the Skids?

His fall, though it might astonish the democracies in view of his built-up reputation, would in fact be no more spectacular from the Soviet viewpoint than the rejection of Winston Churchill by the British electorate in 1945, or the possible removal of Harry Truman from the White House by the American electorate next year. This being so, it may well be that the "Uncle Joe" of the Second World War is on the skids already; and I for one should never be much surprised to see him join some of his victims in voluntary exile, if he is smart enough to fool his own political police.

Assuming, however, that Stalin still enjoys the degree of personal influence that he has wielded since he rose to the highest place in Russian councils, he has before him the age-old choice of all seekers after power: the choice between cutting his coat according to his cloth or pushing blindly ahead toward a goal that must ever recede and become more difficult of access as the commitments he is forced to accept become more onerous. Hitler, Napoleon and every tyrant before them fell victims to wrong judgment in that choice between ambition and a just measure of achievement. It is the Dictator's Dilemma, from which there is no escape except at the cost of dictatorship itself.

Even if—as seems quite likely on his record—Stalin himself is wise enough to know when he has reached the safe limits of his power, we have no guarantee that those who have risen with him will be content to call a halt. That is the fundamental virtue of parliamentary democracy: it enables the people themselves to curb the appetites of their leaders. But when a whole nation is infected with the craze for domination, as the Germans were by Hitler and as the Russians may be by reckless propaganda from the Kremlin, no safeguard remains on which the peace-loving peoples can rely.

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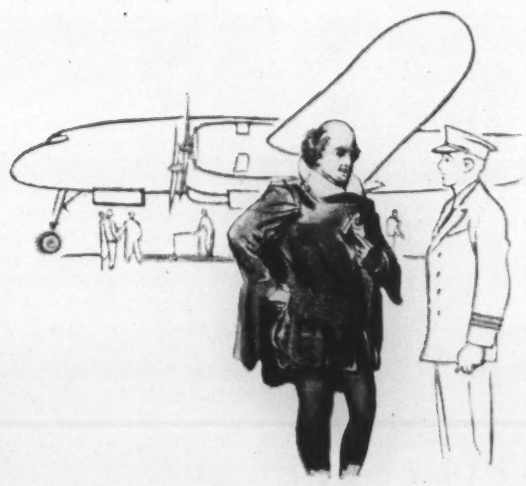

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OTTAWA LETTER

Decline of Real National Income Major Problem for Next Session

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

IF THE U.S. dollar shortage is the Number One problem of the Canadian Government at the moment in the economic sphere, it is being hard pressed for first place by another issue of even wider concern, the sharp rise in cost indexes, especially the cost of living. There is not the slightest doubt that increasing numbers of Canadians are being squeezed week after week by rising prices, and that this will shoulder its way to the fore as one of the liveliest topics of the parliamentary session which opens on December 5.

If one could get a complete and accurate picture of what is happening across Canada in the various occupations and economic areas, one would be in a much stronger position to assess the task which parliament will face in December, and make some intelligent guesses as to the practical proposals for checking inflation and for spreading the burden of rising costs more equitably across the Dominion, now being explored in high administrative circles and in meetings of Cabinet Council.

The information necessary if one is to find out what is happening to the budgets of Canadians just now is largely available in the Bureau of Statistics, the Bank of Canada and the Finance Department. The picture is a complex one.

The cost-of living index is, of course, rising very steeply these days after a long period—from the fall of 1941, when ceilings were imposed, until the spring of 1946—of remarkable stability. Indeed, the index has risen about as far since February 1 of this year in nine months, as it did in the whole five years, 1941-46. It is necessary to add that part of the upturn of recent months arises from the termination of subsidies. The rise in the index was postponed, or reduced, for years by the payment of subsidies; when the latter were ended, the curve turned sharply upwards. In other words, the *real* cost of living was rising more sharply from 1941 onward than the index showed, since part of the cost was being absorbed as subsidies, which in turn had to be raised by taxes. Conversely, as the subsidies are ended, the burden on the Dominion Treasury declines and there should be some relief to the consumer in the form of lower government taxes.

In Eight Top Industries

The *real* income of wage earners in the eight leading industries of Canada has, in the face of the sharp increase in the cost of living, been declining. On the base, June 1, 1941, equals 100, *real* income of such wage earners has fallen from 120 as of March 1, 1947, to 115 on September 1, 1947. An extension of this graph will almost certainly show a further decline in the past two months.

There is evidence that the standard of living of many Canadians is falling at present, as a result of rising costs more than offsetting rising incomes. One now enters the realm where precise figures are not available, but there is some ground for such a conclusion. Compared with the corresponding months of a year ago, the *volume*, as distinct from the *dollar value*, of retail sales in Canada has, on the whole, been declining since February this year.

The Canadian consumer is responding to the increase in prices in two ways. Not only are his purchases in retail outlets falling somewhat in volume, but he is invading his wartime savings to some extent in order to maintain his former standard of living. There does not seem to be much reliable information as to the extent to which our wartime savings are being cashed in (a much more ambitious survey was recently made in the United States) but the percentage of "'consumers' disposable income" (that is, consumers' individual income less income tax) saved by the consumer has been declining quite rapidly in the past two or three years. The peak period was 1944, when 21.7 per cent of consumers' disposable income was being put aside for a rainy day. This had fallen to 19.2 by 1945, and 12.4 by 1946. The estimate for 1947 is still tentative, but it is believed to be running at not more than 7 per cent.

Since the national income of Canada is running along near or at its all-time peak, it would seem that reductions in the real income of some Canadians must be offset by increases in others, and this is undoubtedly the case. However, I am told that the fact that the Gross National Product is at an all-time peak, cannot be used as an argument that the *average* individual standard of living in Canada is also at an all-time peak, or therefore, still rising. Due allowance must be made for the rise in prices to get at the *real* National Income. We are sending very large quantities of our national production of goods and services abroad, partly in the form of loans or gifts. And there is a very substantial diversion of production into capital investment rather than into individual consumption. On the other hand must be cited the fact that our imports have risen to about the same level as our enormous exports, in *dollar value*, at least. Probably in *volume* we are shipping substantially more out of the country than we are importing.

What Government Action?

With prices rising so steeply as to suggest the 1920 period, just before the disastrous break which ushered in a short but sharp depression, the question then arises, what will the Dominion Government do to check the alarming rise in prices, or to spread the burden of the "squeeze?" One of the arguments advanced for the institution of a Central Bank, years ago, was that it served as a safeguard or balance wheel against depression and inflation. There were monetary policies which it could set into motion to stimulate the economy in time of depression and to dampen down menacing inflation. But the text-book remedies against threatened inflation have, it would seem, serious flaws and drawbacks, and it is hardly likely that the Government will order Bank of Canada to apply them now.

One such step would be to curtail bank credit, raise the interest rate, sell securities to the banks. But on the one hand it is unlikely that these policies would substantially curtail capital investment—which is bidding for scarce supplies and at present adding fuel to the fire—while on the other they would almost certainly drive the value of Government securities far below par, a development which for various reasons would be highly unpopular and damaging.

Another classic remedy is to skim off surplus purchasing power in taxes or loans. But the Canadian public, having been given the impression that the budget is already running a very large surplus (one which it would not show at all if the loans abroad were regarded as expenditure rather than investment in active assets), is not likely to take kindly to any proposal of that sort. Widespread controls over the economy are neither constitutionally possible for the federal authority nor in any event politically feasible. Increased production is said to be the best possible answer of all to rising prices, but the margins of unused labor and resources in Canada which can be applied to scarce commodities just now are not very impressive.

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Belgium's Recovery Is the Envy of Others

By NORMAN CRUMP

In Belgium today people live comfortably and there is a feeling of economic freedom. There is no doubt about her recovery from the war. Immediately after the liberation in 1944 inflation was checked by drastic monetary measures which gave Belgium a sound currency.

Exporting was discouraged and so the shops became filled with goods. Workers were stimulated by the fact that they could get goods in exchange for their wages. At the present time imports are balanced by exports.

London.

I spent last week in Brussels trying to learn the secret of Belgium's recovery. Of that recovery there is no doubt. Today both petrol and clothing are unrationed. Rationing in fact is confined to a few main foods, and when, some time ago, the Belgian authorities wished to smash the black market in wine, they did so by the simple process of freeing the importation of wine. Over half of Belgium's imports are not subject to licence. They are carefully watched, and if any particular import becomes excessive a licence is imposed. This permits a maximum of freedom.

The National Bank is cooperating with other central banks over exchange control. British exporters to Belgium may care to know that their Belgian customers will be pressed by the Belgian authorities to make payment either within 30 days or in accordance with the normal custom of the trade. Failure in this respect may be brought to the notice of the British authorities. British creditors are bound by our regulations to collect their overseas debts within a reasonable period, and are not allowed to accumulate undue foreign balances. Building is free, and no licence is needed. Although Belgium has a Government which includes Socialists, no industry is nationalized, unless this step is deemed justified on the merits of the case. People live comfortably, and there is a feeling of economic freedom.

What then is the secret? First of all, in October, 1944, immediately after the liberation, the inflationary effects of the occupation were eradicated by a drastic monetary purge. All holdings of currency and bank deposits, beyond roughly their pre-war size, were blocked. Of these blocked amounts, 40 per cent was regarded as a temporary blocking, and most of this has since been liberated. The remaining 60 per cent has been converted into a forced loan, non-negotiable and bearing interest at 3½ per cent.

Collaboration Profits Go

This loan can be used for the payment of "special taxes." First there is a 5 per cent capital levy. Next there is an excess profits tax, ranging from 70 per cent up to 100 per cent, the last rate applying to profits made from collaboration with the enemy. (It would be wrong to assume that the wealthier classes collaborated especially; many of them were heart and soul in the resistance movement.)

This monetary purge was a rough-and-ready measure designed to counteract the inflation under enemy occupation. Thus the man who held his money in securities, instead of in currency or at his bank, escaped—except that security prices have fallen appreciably during the past two years. Still, the monetary purge gave Belgium a sound currency. The volume of purchasing power, prices and wages have all settled down at about three times their pre-war level.

Belgium also received a flying start. In 1946 the British, American and Canadian authorities paid her for the cost of maintaining the Allied troops in her country. This, together with her gold reserves, provided her with dollars to the value of about £250 millions. This figure equals about £31 per head of population. We nominally got nearly the same amount per head out of the American and Canadian credits, but we had to share it with the whole sterling area and with anyone else who took advantage of the convertibility of sterling, so long as it lasted. So Belgium did better.

The Belgian authorities used this windfall primarily to fill the shops with goods. Until the end of 1946 exports were discouraged, and even today they bear a 3 per cent tax, the proceeds of which are used to finance some social fund. Meanwhile, Belgium imported as much as she could.

The immediate consequence was that everyone had a real incentive for which to work. The nominal week is 48 hours, but people in the mines and factories and elsewhere are gladly working overtime. There is an intensive Government propaganda to bring down prices, and slogans are even painted on the tenders of locomotives. Belgium believes in a real incentive for those who can reach it—not in the arid doctrine of "fair shares for all."

What then of the future? At the moment imports are balanced by exports, the Budget is balanced for all practical purposes, and a 3¼ per cent Bank rate shows that the fetish of cheap money is abandoned for the sake of restricting bank credit to the point where it no longer outruns the supply of goods. But to maintain this balance, Belgium must export, and to do so she must trade freely. Her reserves will carry her through until next April, but by then she hopes that the Marshall plan will have taken effect. Meanwhile her own export prices are relatively high, and this is causing some anxiety. While her production of textiles is above its pre-war level, her output of coal and steel is below pre-war.

Her search for freedom has led her to the "Benelux" plan. Under it, Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg have already ratified a common tariff, to take effect at the New Year. There will be no customs duties between the three countries, and duties *vis-a-vis* the rest of the world will range from no duty on certain raw materials to a maximum of 24 per cent *ad valorem* for finished goods. The next step is to be a common scale for excise duties and purchase tax, and it is hoped that this will take effect on January 1, 1949.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Miss A.'s Morality Play

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

I FOUND my friend Miss A. seated at her dinette table surrounded by sketches and plans. "Just a minute. I have something I want to show you," she said. She went on writing, but after a moment she looked up. "How would you like to play the role of the Province of Ontario in my new production?" she asked.

"Uh-uh," I said, backing away.

"It wouldn't be difficult," Miss A. said. "Here, I'll read you the opening speech:

"'I represent Ontario,
Fairest of all Provinces here below.
In this most desirable place
Injustice should never show its face.
It is therefore our humble petition
That you remove this most undesirable restriction'."

She looked up. "Well, how about it?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I don't seem to feel the part."

"Of course, if you think the Ontario role is too large to handle you could have the Prince Edward Island part," Miss A. said. "It goes like this:

"'I represent Prince Edward Island
In this crisis my voice cannot be silent'."

"What is it?" I asked. "A Pageant of Confederation?"

"Well, more of a dramatic one-act play," Miss A. said. "I'm hoping to put it on in the church basement if I can get the rector's consent." She stared at me, frowning. "Can you think of a good rhyme for Saskatchewan?"

"It's a little difficult," I said, "but you can get round it by throwing the accent on the last syllable. Like:

"'I represent Saskatchewan
In me you see the Socialist Dawn.'"

"*Dawn!*" Miss A. said indignantly. But her eye brightened and she began scribbling vigorously. "How about this?" she asked.

"'I represent Saskatchewan,
I am here to protest against this most iniquitous ban.'"

"What ban?" I asked.

"What is it that all of us long for and nobody has any hope of obtaining?" she asked. "What is it that we have been demanding in vain from the men who control our destinies?"

Before I could answer she went on impatiently. "Oleomargarine, of course! For Canadians, Oleomargarine is the greatest single issue of the present day . . . *Must* you smoke?"

"I always do when I feel nervous," I said.

"Anyway the idea is this," Miss A. went on eagerly. "I have all the nine Provinces come on, each introducing herself with a speech of protest to the two characters representing Federal Government and Dairy Monopoly. You see, it's a sort of modern morality play." She paused frowning a little, "Only so far I haven't been able to persuade anyone to take the Federal Government and Dairy Monopoly parts. Naturally they aren't entirely sympathetic roles."

"Why don't you play them?" I said. "You could play Federal Government and double as Dairy Monopoly."

"THAT'S impossible, because they both come on the stage at the same time," Miss A. said, "hand in hand." She paused. "The Federal Government role is really a wonderful part," she said persuasively. "I mean it's the only one that calls for real acting—you know, smooth and plausible and at the same time deeply cunning and unscrupulous. It's a sort of Iago role really—."

"They'd rotten-egg me," I said. "How does the rest of it go?"

After the Provinces had spoken their separate parts, Miss A. said, they joined in a general chorus.

"It concludes like this," she went on, consulting her manuscript,

"'The voice of our indignant Nation,
Demands a change in legislation.
We represent outraged opinion
Gathered from every section of our fair Dominion.'"

"Federal Government and Dairy Monopoly then withdraw and consult. Federal Government: 'No Margarine?' Dairy Monopoly: 'Positively no Margarine!'

"Then, together:

'It must be clearly understood
Our only thought is the public good,
We feel the Nation's highest wealth
Lies in living standards and public health.
At present we are working hard
To give you butter, shortening and lard.
You surely must acknowledge that
We've done our very best with oil and fat
And it's only to keep our record clean
That we feel we must resolutely ban anything that comes under the heading of Margarine.'"

"WHY, it's wonderful!" I said. "And you could go on and have one of the chorus say:

"'Oleo, Oleo, wherefore art thou, Oleo?
Renounce the title and deny the name.'"

"Why, that's very *good!*" Miss A. said pleased, and I swept on,

"'What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Oleo would, were it not Oleo called,
Retain that dear perfection which it owes . . .' What's the matter, don't you like it?"

"I'm not so sure," Miss A. said. "That brings in the angle of a substitute for butter substitute, and we have more angles than we can handle now." She consulted her manuscript. "For instance, at this point Newfoundland comes up, leading Oleomargarine by the hand, and goes into a long speech, ending,

"'This is our firm determination,
No Margarine, no Federation.'

"Federal Government and Dairy Monopoly then withdraw and consult. Government replies:

"'To meet this crisis unforeseen,
We will allow you Margarine,
But only on one consideration—
No Margarine for Exportation.'

"The Chorus then joins in crying,

'Shame! Shame!
Shame that you would jettison,
Section One Hundred and Ninety-One,
Betraying the spirit if not the fact
Of the British North America Act.'"

"I've got an even better idea," I cried swinging up. "Why not a modern Oleomargarine Ballet. Look, like this. The Provinces come on as a ballet chorus. Oleomargarine flutters in from the wings. The Chorus dances to meet her—."

"Federal Government and Dairy Monopoly intervene!" cried Miss A. getting into the act. "They drive poor Oleomargarine into the wings—."

"Newfoundland comes on, bringing Oleomargarine with him!" I said. "They are encircled by the welcoming Chorus—."

"Federal Government and Dairy Monopoly come forward from the rear!" cried Miss A. advancing on a *pas de chat.*

"The Chorus, reinforced by Newfoundland and Oleomargarine, drive Federal Government and Dairy Monopoly from the Stage!" I finished triumphantly.

We both sat down exhausted. Neither of us is very good on our points. "I think we really have something there," I said.

Miss A. shook her head rather dubiously. "Yes, but what about the Geneva Trade agreement? And the British North America Act and Section 191? How are you going to express that choreographically?" She picked up her manuscript and put on her glasses again. "The ballet suggestion is very interesting," she said. "But I think perhaps we'd better stick to the original idea. After all, we don't want to go over the heads of the Oleomargarine public."

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Military Training Program in U.S. Still a Big Political Football

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

THE "cold war" caused U.S. authorities to slap export controls on all atomic equipment and materials, yet the implied threat of another war has failed to crystallize sentiment in favor of national preparedness. Although proponents of Universal Military Training have a "blitz" program set up to get their bill through Congress by mid-January, there is considerable sentiment against strengthening these military manpower reserves.

It was the menace of Communism in Europe that prompted President Truman to call the present special session. Yet, despite warnings of U.S. military leaders that the country must be prepared for any emergency, the armed services have not been flooded with enlistments during current recruiting drives.

One informed private citizen voiced the opinion to this writer that the "war scare" was created by persons holding military jobs who wished to perpetuate these jobs. Again, one of two elderly gentlemen conversing on the street was heard to remark: "What this country needs is another damn good war."

Whatever the significance of these comments, Americans generally are soberly reflecting that another world war is definitely a possibility. The reluctance to rearm or to re-man the services can be understood. The nation is just reaching its stride in the resumption of normal living. New cars, refrigerators, etc., are getting into consumer hands. It is true that high prices have complicated the picture and could bring back those wartime controls that most citizens would like to forget.

Realistic leaders are aware of the need for a strong, trained fighting force. Armistice Day signalized the start of their all-out drive to get universal military training enacted early in the next regular session of Congress. A National Security Committee composed of 63 organizations is cooperating to put over U.M.T. The American Legion, through its 3,327,000 members in 12,000 posts in every Congressional district, is back of the measure.

A National Preparedness Plan has been devised by seven Republican senators to have industrial and manpower reserve geared for a possible outbreak of war. It might be presented as a substitute for training, and as such would be a step in the direction of building up national defences.

On the other hand, more than 200 national State and local organizations are lined up against universal military training. These range from the Farm Bureau and the C.I.O. through to professional pacifists.

Congress has not indicated a clear stand either way. The House Armed Services Committee has already reported out — approved — a training bill. Committee hearings are coming up in the Senate. The pros and the cons predict a wide open fight, with the outcome uncertain.

Opponents of training say they would like to work out a less drastic way of bolstering national defence. They admit, however, that a strong trend of opinion is against them at present.

Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio has come out flatly against the training bill. He is the first presidential aspirant to take this position. President Truman is supporting the bill, as well as Governor Dewey of N.Y., Ex-Governor Stassen of Minnesota, Governor Earl Warren of California, and Generals MacArthur and Eisenhower.

Hotly Contested

Observers believe that if U.M.T. is approved in the House, it will be hotly contested in the Senate. Administration Democrats and a group of Republicans led by Chairman Chan Gurney, (S. Dak.) of the Senate Armed Services Committee, will have to battle Taft-led forces to get the measure through their side of Congress. Its backers want Senator Gurney to hold hearings on training while Congress is meeting this winter to consider the foreign aid problem and domestic inflation.

Already some independent firms such as the Koppers Corporation have worked out their own industrial mobilization plans, but this phase of preparedness is pretty much in the blueprint stage.

U.S. military strength today stands at 3,845,287 men, which includes: Army, 940,582; National Guard, 178,000; Army Reserve, 1,133,000; R.O.T.C., 106,112; Navy, 475,266; Naval Reserve, 867,841; Marine Corps, 90,486; and Marine Reserve, 54,000.

Universal military training is planned as the basic means of increasing military strength. The National Security Training Act provides for U.M.T. It emerged from the House Armed Services Committee the day before Congress adjourned last July, and requires only a Rules Committee nod to go to the House floor.

This bill calls for six months military training for all men between 18 and 20 years of age. After basic instructions, trainees could choose one of these alternate programs:

1. Additional six months training; 2, voluntary enlistment in any Regular service; 3, enlistment in the National Guard, Organized Naval Reserve, or Organized Marine Corps Reserve; 4, enlistment in the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the Army and assignment to an organized unit.

5. They could enter the Military, Naval or Coast Guard Academies if qualified; 6, enlist in the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps or the Naval Reserve, and with a college course and R.O.T.C. accept a Reserve Commission; 7, enroll in Naval or Marine Corps officer procurement programs; 8, enlist in the Merchant Marine Reserve and enter a Merchant Marine Academy to seek a Naval Reserve Commission; 9, enlist in the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps or Naval Reserve or Marine Corps Reserve and take technical or specialist training; or, 10, enlist in the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps, Volunteer Naval Reserve, or Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve for six years.

The armed services would have actual charge of training in all of these units, but top supervision of the program would be under a National Security Training Commission. Trainees would be selected in a similar system to wartime Selective Service. The total cost of the project is estimated at $1,750,000,000 a year.

Annual Intake

Census Bureau figures show that a little over a million American boys turn 18 each year and the Army's plans for U.M.T. are based on an annual intake of 618,000 trainees. About 400,000, minus the physically disqualified, would be left for the Navy and Marine Corps.

Congress acted last summer by passing the Armed Forces Unification Act to prepare the country industrially for a war emergency.

The same Unification Act created the National Security Resources Board to plan for relating military and foreign policy to the general economy of the country. This group is to advise the President on the relationships of potential supplies of and requirements of manpower, resources and productive facilities.

In Congress and out, the belief is growing that there should be more detailed industrial mobilization plans worked out now. Defense Secretary Forrestal has urged that such mobilization legislation be drawn up now and be ready for actual passage "the minute war is declared."

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Courage in Austerity Keys Polish Revival

By REX FROST

After more than two years of peace in Europe, the fetid odor of death still lingers over the devastated cities of Europe. The remains of 75,000 human beings still lie covered in the debris of Warsaw. Rex Frost, well-known radio commentator, brings a word-picture of hope and faith from the midst of the rubble-littered Polish capital.

THE scene is Warsaw—1947. From a former individual beauty which mingled quaint antiquity with streamlined modern simplicity now stands a brutal evidence of war's insane stupidity. Against the arch of sky for mile after desolate mile stretches a vista of nightmare shapes and irregularities. Only 15 per cent of the original city is standing.

It's a paralyzing sight. Buildings slashed open, bathtubs, kitchen equipment, battered furniture and broken picture frames hang precariously suspended from walls and floors. Great yawning spaces where buildings have been levelled to the dust. Towering mounds of rubble spewed chokingly across roadways. Churches disfigured beyond recognition.

During their venomous attack and occupation of Warsaw, the Nazis first battered with bomb and shell, and then individually fired all buildings except a few reserved for their use. The churches became the funeral pyres of thousands of innocent Warsaw citizens. Today the basements of two churches have been sufficiently restored for daily Mass.

The ghetto is levelled to the ground. Acre after acre of death-filled rubble sprawls across the area. There is no one in sight. No sound save the harsh whisper of stirring dust.

By day the streets are full of people. Hundreds have burrowed into the ruins and rubble and erected cave-like structures which serve as homes—bereft of water, light and sanitation. Hundreds more have found accommodation across the river in a suburb which was not totally destroyed and is being reconstructed. Six hundred thousand of the city's former million and a half have returned to Warsaw, eking out a harrowing existence of near-starvation, lack of hospitalization and medicines and scant clothing. Food is not rationed in Poland but it is scarce, lacking in variety and very expensive in the terms of poverty prevalent today.

The hardest hit are the former wealthy and professional classes. They have lost everything, property and means of earning a living. A large majority of the intelligentsia have been killed off and the few who remain are almost beggars. Slowly, as reconstruction plans take shape, the manual laborer is finding employment but so far practically nothing has been done to even clear the chaotic debris, let alone commence rebuilding.

Luxuries and Want

There are incongruous sights galore. Down some streets with amazing ingenuity the citizens have dug into the ruins and with an odd assortment of wood, metal, glass and canvas erected single storey shops which flaunt a bewilderment of luxury merchandise, ranging from nylon stockings to exquisite lingerie, gloves, real silks, perfumes and canned goods—a fiendishly tantalizing sight to the average Polish citizen who can only feast with his eyes on this lavish display. Only government officials and those in key positions can afford these indulgencies.

The traveller usually does not have enough money to spare for souvenirs; prices are skyhigh in Warsaw today. But with sufficient money a person can get good meals either at the Polonia Hotel, which houses embassy and government officials, or lunch and dinner at the roughly-restored tavern in the ruined Europeski. To supplement the lack of butter, cheese and cream, all food and vegetables are cooked and served in a nauseating greasy sauce. Portions are sturdy and wine and vodka plentiful.

Street cars careen madly over broken tracks down a few streets, and lorries fitted out with wooden benches and jammed to bursting point replace the bus service. A few ancient and dirty horse-drawn carriages help create confusion.

Poking around side streets, forlorn, littered, and impassable, quite often a temporary repair shop has been set up and a whole family will be seen busily engaged beating out the dints in bathtubs, roughly refurbishing cook-stoves and cooking utensils. But as the citizens are virtually camping out and water is delivered once in a while in pailfuls from a water wagon, bathtubs are a bit of a drug on the market, particularly when soap doesn't exist.

It's amazing how busy and cheerful the Warsaw people keep themselves where possible, some are getting steady employment, which will increase when reconstruction and clearance commences. The women stand patiently in line for food. Milk is particularly scarce and daily long lines form outside the milk distributing centres, and it's first come, first served. The supply is too uncertain and irregular for a ration system.

The traveller to Warsaw will find hotel accommodation almost impossible to obtain. The ruined Bristol is the only alternative to the already-filled Polonia Hotel.

Derelict

The rooms are tiny, with cement floors, unfinished walls, iron cots with scant covering, a tiny rag rug, a wash basin with no running water, a single electric bulb suspended from centre ceiling, a kitchen chair and a small cupboard that won't open. It is the height of crude discomfort but it's a hotel room in derelict Warsaw, minus every form of service.

The Bristol Hotel originally was built four-square around a courtyard. Today three sagging walls hide the debris beyond. Along one corridor rooms are slowly being restored. The narrow passageway is made perilous with strips of metal, planks of wood, bathtubs, washbasins, sharp edges of broken cement and inches of dust and dirt. In that courtyard were found hundreds of dead bodies, women and children, prey of the Nazi warlords.

The temporary guest at the Bristol Hotel will know a strange experience. Sleep in this death-drenched atmosphere will be elusive but soon after break of day will come an immortal sound. Music will fill the air, men's voices blending in harmony. Through a giant gaping hole at the end of the first floor corridor he will look down and see Warsaw workmen singing Mass before commencing their daily work.

The haunting eerie silence of battered Warsaw temporarily broken by the sound of human voices which epitomise the spirit of Poland today. They have faith. They have optimism. They have courageous determination.

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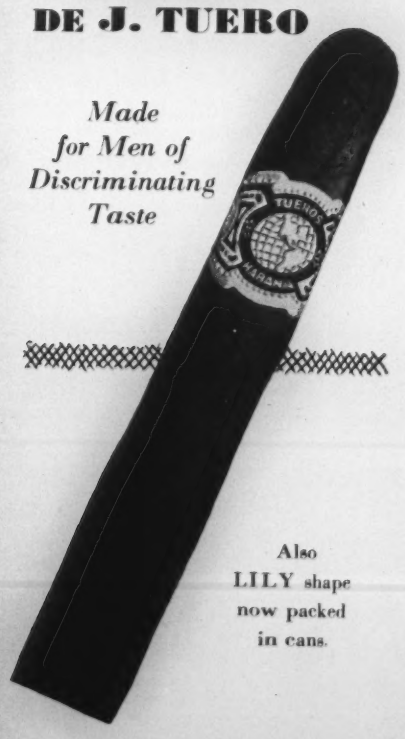

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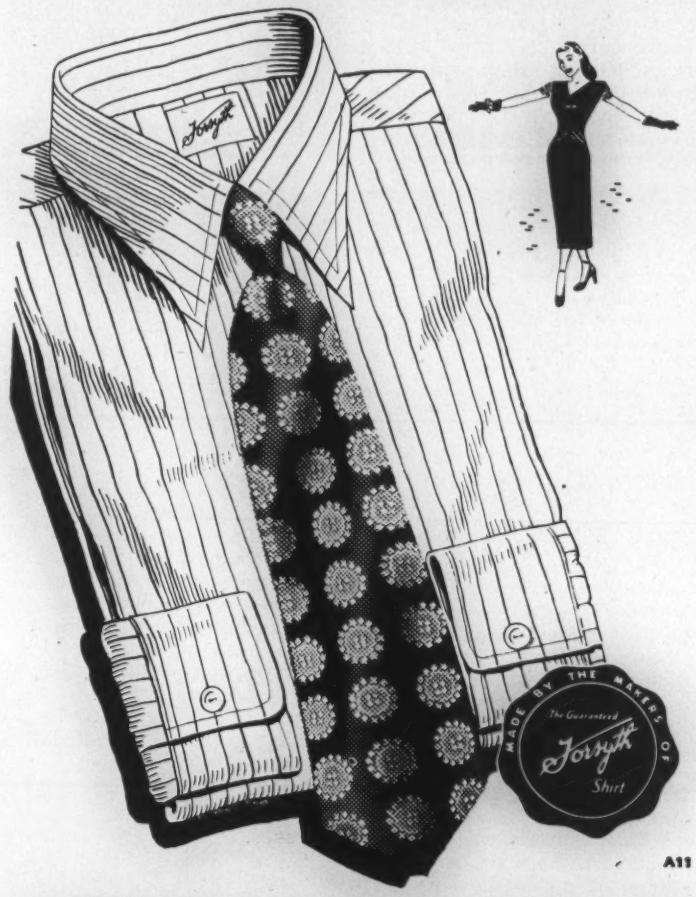

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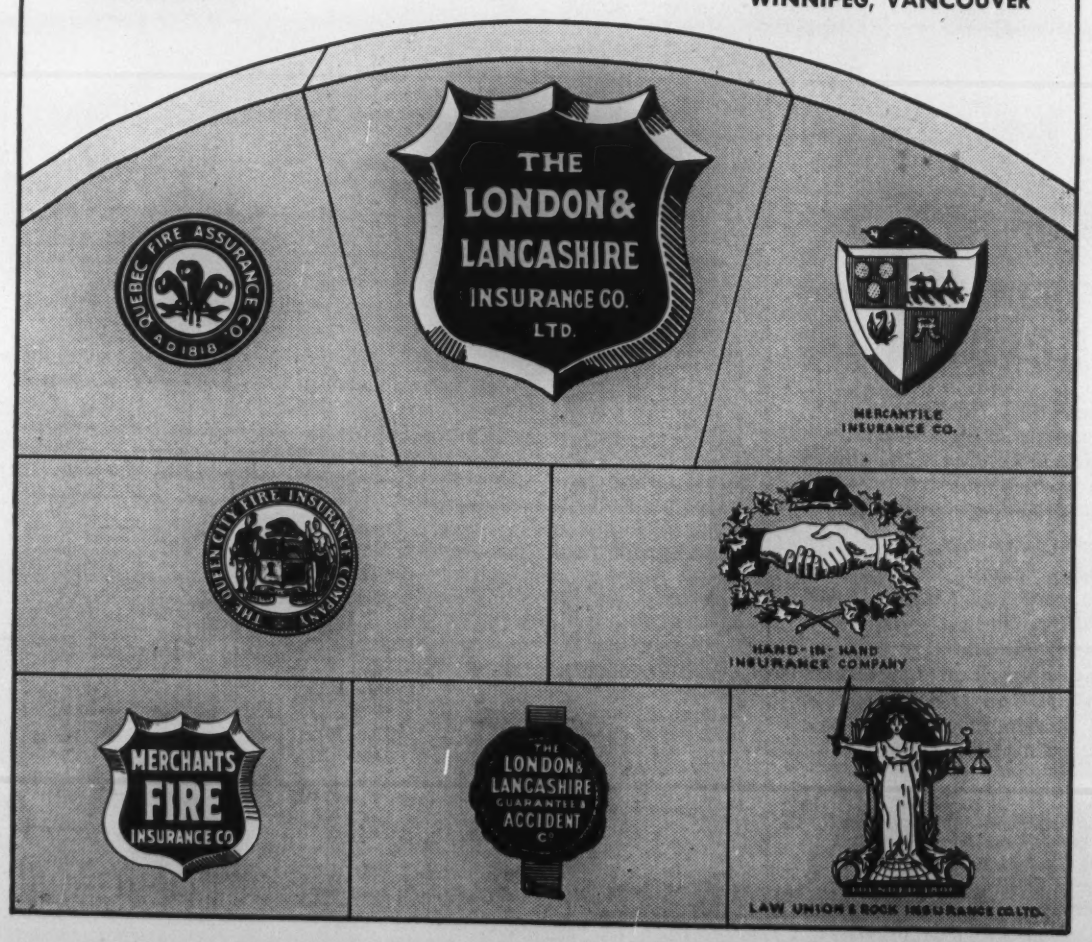
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Let's Make a Province of Our Northwest

By L. J. ROGERS

Lying north of the 55th parallel are 2 million square miles of land with diversified richness and 250,000 people who produce twice as much wealth per capita as the Canadian average. Yet administration of the area is an inefficient, complicated business involving six governments, of which all except one are absentee governments.

This writer describes what Canada has north of the 55th parallel and shows how the northwest could be made into a Canadian province. This is the first of two articles on the Northwest.

FOR several centuries now, Canadian statesmen have been proclaiming that Canada's future lies in the untouched natural resources of our vast hinterland. "Why," they inform us, "the surface has hardly been scratched!" Where is this surface, and why don't we start scratching it?

According to the geography books, most of our hinterland lies to the north of the four western provinces—starting somewhere around 55 degrees latitude, just about where rail and highway connections trail off from the settled southern sections. The map seems to make a unit of sorts out of this huge two-million-square-mile area north of 55, with the big rivers like the Peace, the Mackenzie, and the Churchill crisscrossing through it and tying one end to the other. Yet six different governments rule this hinterland today — and only one of them is not an absentee landlord.

If we want to open up the country, Uncle Sam has given us a start — he spent a billion dollars or so on the Alaska Highway, the Canol project, the Northwest Staging route, the Catel telephone circuit, in the period from Pearl Harbor till the Japs pulled out of Kiska. Suppose we make a new province out of this region north of 55—a province reaching from Hudson Bay to Alaska, from the Peace River to the Arctic.

Six governments—the four provincial legislatures, the Yukon Territorial Council and the Federal Department of Mines and Resources (acting through an appointed Northwest Territorial Council)—now rule this region. All except the Yukon council may be described as "absentee" governments to greater or lesser degree.

Absentee Governments

What's wrong with an absentee government? First and foremost, there's the question of conflicting interests. For example, take the case of Northern Manitoba. The Hudson Bay Railway, and its port at Churchill, are the biggest potential assets of the region. However, the expansion of export and import traffic via the Bay route might mean the diminishing of traffic through Winnipeg. And, since southern Manitoba and Winnipeg control the provincial legislature, the Government of this province has, understandably enough, shown very little interest in pushing the Bay route.

Or let's take the case of the Alaska Highway and the province of Alberta. The Highway begins in British Columbia (at Dawson Creek, just inside the boundary) but at present it can only be reached through Alberta. The 500-odd miles of Alberta highway connecting Edmonton with the base of the Alaska Highway should be first-class all-weather gravel roads, of the same kind that U.S. tourists can use on route to Banff or Jasper. Instead, the Edmonton-Dawson Creek link contains something over 100 miles of dirt road, impassable during rainy weather, and is blocked for lengthy periods each year by lack of a bridge over the Big Smoky River.

Highway Sabotage

One of Canada's greatest tourist attractions is being sabotaged by inadequate highway connections — because the Alberta Government, understandably enough, is more interested in making it easy for tourists to spend their money in Alberta resorts like Banff and Jasper than it is in spending money to enable them to reach a tourist area in another province.

While we're on the subject of the Peace River area, let's take the case of the wheat-growers of this area, and the B.C. Government. The logical outlet for the wheat and produce of the Peace River region is directly southwest via Prince George and the P.G.E. railway to the seaboard in the Vancouver area, a distance of 700 to 800 miles. Instead of getting this outlet, the Peace River farmer has to ship his grain back east via Edmonton to the Pacific a distance ranging from 900 to 1,200 miles. The reason was simple — the B.C. Government could not justify the expense of extending the provincially-owned P.G.E. line 330 miles to tap the rich Peace River region, because most of the developed area of the Peace lay in Alberta. (Only the likelihood of a coal shortage has brought the B.C. Government to the point of considering the P.G.E. extension seriously in the past year or so, with the primary purpose of tapping the rich coal fields of the western Peace district. And when British Columbia's Premier John Hart announced his retirement from office recently, those close to him said that one of the biggest factors behind Hart's decision to drop his responsibilities was his inability to overcome sectional interests and press through the great railway extension plan to which he'd devoted his best efforts, and which was to have been his monument.)

The great mining centre of Flin Flon, where the $35 million refinery of Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting sits on a massive copper-zinc orebody straddling the Manitoba-Saskatchewan boundary, that's produced $250 million in metals since 1931, has been a boom town ever since the mine opened, but the community has no road connection with the rest of Canada, although only 140 miles away from highway connections. Reason for the delay in tying in this prosperous Manitoba community of 10,000 with the road net of the prairies lies in the fact that the logical and economical route would run southwest into Saskatchewan — so, stalemate again. (Construction of the $1 million link is now started by Saskatchewan—to be finished in 1949.)

No Money to Spare

In fairness to the western provinces, of course, it should be pointed out that all of them were on the verge of bankruptcy through the thirties, and had no money to spare on the major projects which the north country needed for its development. In addition, all four provinces are still in the pioneering stage even in their southern portions, with tremendous demands to be met for roads and other services right in their most thickly settled areas.

In any case, the record of the four western provinces in developing their northern zones should be measured against that of the comparatively wealthy Dominion government, and its accomplishments with its responsibility in the Northwest Territories. The record of our successive Dominion governments in the Northwest Territories cannot be better typified than in a statement made by the noted geologist A. W. Jolliffe on the work of the Ottawa department which has been the most active in the Territories and with which he has been associated for many years.

Said Jolliffe in January 1944: "The Geological Survey of Canada started mapping in the Northwest Territories about 70 years ago. If this is continued at the accelerated rate of the past 15 years, the preliminary exploratory work should be completed in about 400 years."

If we accept the conclusion that the present set-up of six governments controlling our northwest hasn't worked and won't work, let's see whether and why a new tenth province might be the solution to the problem. Our new northwestern province would have plenty of historical precedent in its favor, if nothing else. Until we hit the Northwest Territories, the customary pattern for the opening up of a new region was to give the pioneers provincial autonomy with the least possible delay. When Ontario first won its provincial autonomy back in 1792, the new region west of the Ottawa had some 25,000 inhabitants. When Manitoba entered Confederation in 1870, slightly over 25,000 Manitobans took over the job of building a new province. British Columbia entered Confederation in 1871 with slightly over 36,000 west coast boosters on hand. In 1905, when the last two provinces were added to the list, Saskatchewan had 236,000 inhabitants and Alberta had 166,000.

In my second article I shall discuss the immense wealth of this vast area, the remarkable development that has already been achieved and how much greater the future would be if the northwest were made into our tenth province.

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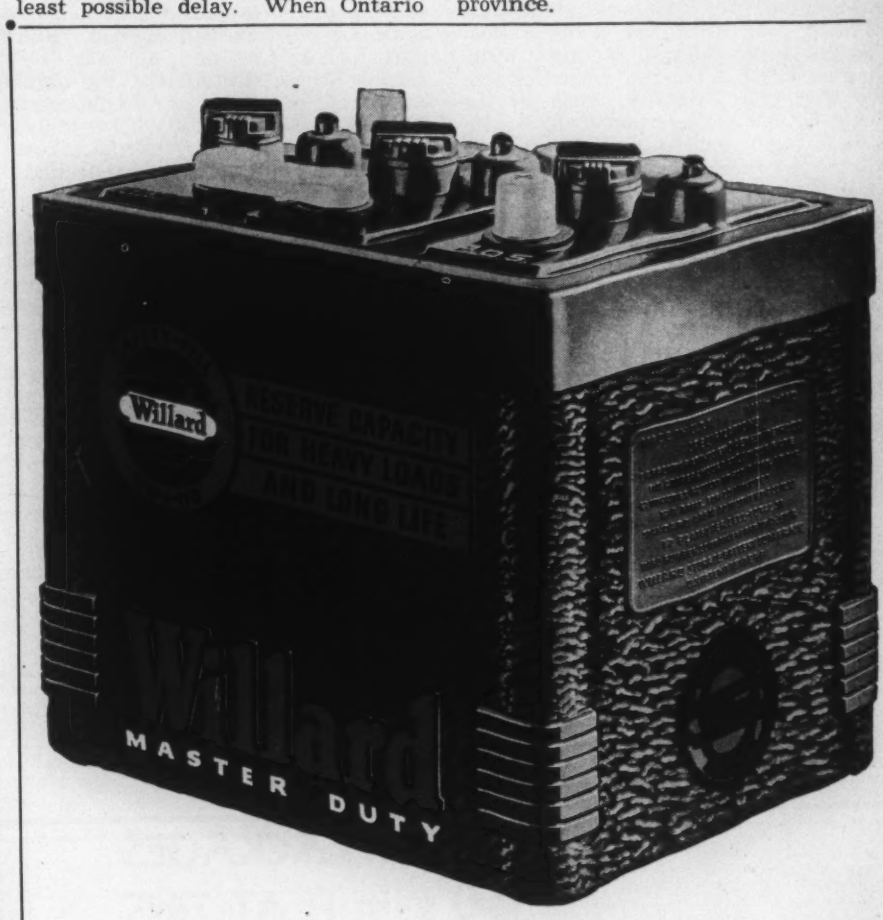

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THE WORLD TODAY

Answer to an Oft-Asked Question: "What Is the Marshall Plan?"

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

A FEW days ago I was talking to the students of the University of Toronto's Engineering Faculty annex, out at the former shell-filling plant at Ajax, on the way to Oshawa.

Their interest in world affairs—which brought some 600 out of their own free will to hear about the United Nations, never a sensational lecture topic—was in the most striking contrast to that of my colleagues in this same faculty, back in the palmy days of Locarno.

But my point is that, having referred to the supreme importance of the Marshall Plan in the present phase of international relations, I was asked afterwards at least ten times over, *what is the Marshall Plan, exactly?* If commentators and editorialists have done so badly in explaining it, then it seems time to take the job in hand.

And as a matter of fact, while going through some reference material on the subject, I have just come across the statement by a leading Washington commentator, Joseph C. Harsch, that never in the memory of Washington correspondents has a legislative project ever been so thoroughly prepared in advance, or so thoroughly explained and sold to a section of American opinion. "But that section has been, not a cross-section, but a stratum . . . the high command of Congress, Republican as well as Democratic, of American business and industry, of the labor unions, the press and intellectual circles."

So here goes for the explanation and sales talk. *The Marshall Plan is the beginning of Democracy's counter-offensive.* It represents our idea of how a friendly, peaceful world can be built up, by accepting the view that we *are* our brother's keeper, that the more fortunate should help the less fortunate, that we are "all in the same boat" in this shrinking world, and that it is in our own interest, moral as well as material, to help those who are ready to help themselves.

That is putting it on the highest plane. But it would be unwarranted cynicism to hold that true generosity and brotherliness, and the urge to mold One World, does not form a very large part of the drive behind the Marshall Plan.

Originally Offered to Soviets

It is unhappily a fact that the the Soviet Union has refused to join in this venture, and has barred her satellites from participating in it. But if it is true that since this has materialized the urge to save Western Europe from conquest by the Communists has been used, and will be used, as a very strong additional argument for the Plan, it is also true that *the Plan originally was offered to the Soviets.*

It seems important to answer these assertions by the Communists and by such people as Leslie Roberts, who has now turned up in *Harpers'* magazine telling the American people of the growing hatred towards them among Canadians—I haven't noticed it; have you?—that the Marshall Plan is a scheme to "divide Europe" and gain for Washington and Wall Street an "imperialistic domination" of the western half of it.

It is the Soviets who have divided Europe. They broke their promises to liberate the Eastern European countries, and instead planted Moscow-trained Quisling governments in every one of them which came under control of the Red Army. Nevertheless they were invited to join in the Marshall Plan. Molotov came to Paris, with his 83 Foreign Office experts to discuss the proposal. He turned it down, and before any conditions had been attached to it—for these conditions are only now under discussion, and few appear likely to be attached to the Plan.

The Soviets then proceeded to rap the knuckles of the Polish and Czechoslovak Governments, which had shown their desire to participate in the Marshall Plan, thereby giving a good example of "imperialistic domination" and "interference with national sovereignty", which immediately became their main cry *against* the Plan. In this case, as so often, the Soviets talk as though looking into a mirror.

The Marshall Plan does not, as the Soviets do in Eastern Europe, insist that all participating governments be "friendly," which means patterned on the American form, their members handpicked by Washington (or Wall Street). Could Truman, Marshall or Winthrop Aldrich have removed British Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Dalton, whose policies they did not like or believe helpful to the Marshall Plan? No one even makes the suggestion.

Socialists Not Barred

Will the State Department even suggest that the Socialist Ramadier Government of France be excluded from the Plan? All of its comment on the recent French elections shows that it much prefers it to a de Gaulle Government. Will the Congressional leaders stipulate that no Italian Socialists be allowed in the Rome Government, thus ensuring that Socialists and Communists in Italy would group together for an electoral majority?

For no one has suggested that the Americans would ban further elections in European countries. On the contrary, one of the basic tenets of their foreign policy is to encourage free elections. It is the American Government which trusts the people to choose according to their best interests in a free election; and the Soviet Government which takes care to rig elections so that the people can't choose freely.

Neither does the Marshall Plan contemplate setting up American-French or American-Swedish trading corporations, with "Wall Street" holding 51 per cent of the stock, to control the economic life of these countries, as the Soviets have done in the Eastern European countries for whose "sovereignty" they are so solicitous. Nor, finally, has there been any proposal to introduce an American secret police into the Western European countries, as the N.K.V.D. has been introduced into the Soviet satellites of Eastern Europe.

Well, that is a little of what the Marshall Plan is *not*. It is typical of these times that half of one's energy has to be used to refute the false accusations with which Communists try to befog every constructive democratic project.

To turn to the positive side, just as the Marshall Plan was not originally a plan to form an anti-Communist front in Europe, and is not now primarily such a plan, neither is it a mere breadline to win time for things to right themselves in Europe.

The key point about the Marshall Plan is that, beyond merely feeding hungry people it aims to help restore and strengthen their industry and transport so that they can stand on their own feet; and beyond restoring the economies of the individual countries of Europe it aims to bring them into closer cooperation, if not outright customs union.

The gist of Mr. John Foster Dulles' statement before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee the other day—the statement which brought from

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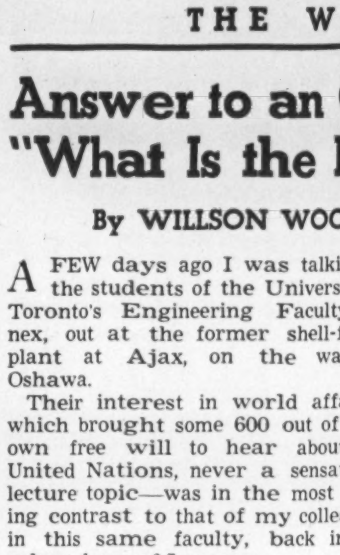

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BILL: It was a worth-while trip, all right, but I'm sure glad to be home. We Canadians don't realize how lucky we are, in comparison with today's living conditions in Great Britain and Europe. Have any new and startling experiences while I was away?

JACK: Yes, darn it! I was out of town myself for a day or two, and my assistant—an eager beaver who thought he was doing a smart thing—fell for a price-cutting talk and turned over one of our export shipments to a forwarding firm we had never used before. I never had so many headaches over one shipment in my life, and instead of saving money, we lost time, money and customer goodwill.

BILL: I'm not surprised—though I'm sorry for your sake it happened. I always believe that any good job well done should be paid for—price-cutting always seems to mean service-cutting somewhere. Did your assistant learn his lesson?

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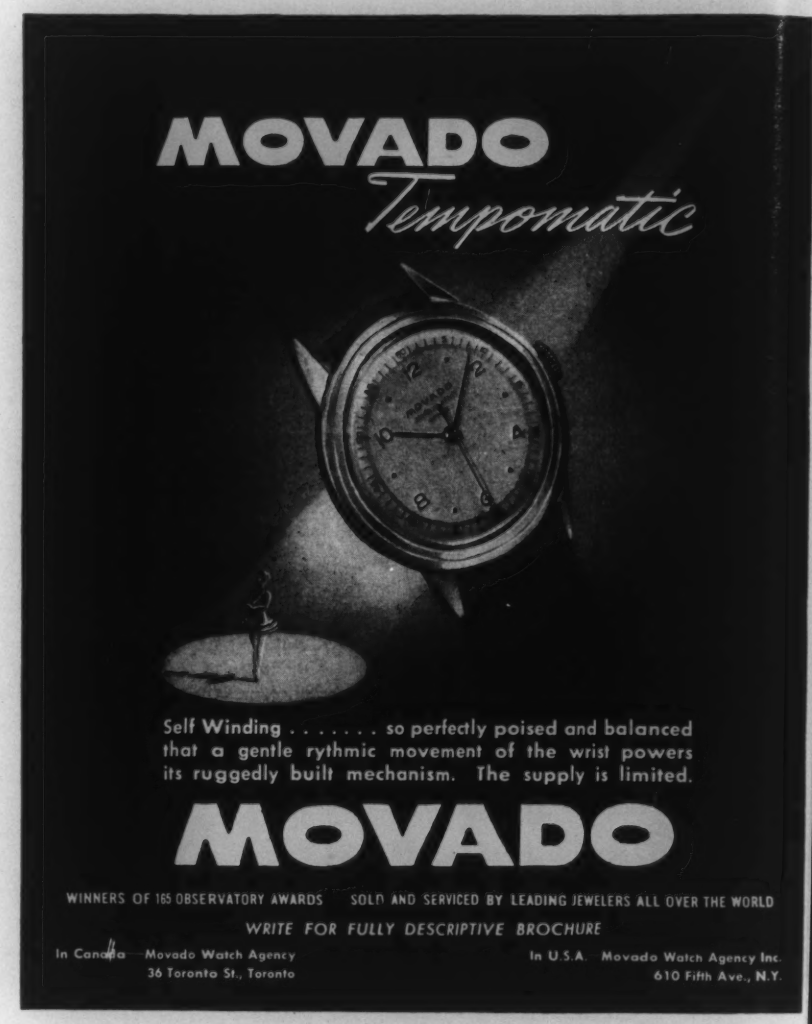
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Vishinsky a wild extemporaneous denunciation of Dulles as the leading war-monger of the United States—was that the Marshall Plan should be used positively to stimulate a move to greater European unity. At the heart of this unity Dulles visualized a Ruhr under international control, to utilize fully Germany's peace potential while checking her war potential. Proposals for European unity, which to many people seem the only worthwhile result of the continent's two suicidal wars, always drive the Soviets to their greatest fury.

The Greater Opportunity

Liberal economic journals such as the *Economist* in Britain and *Barron's* in the U.S. have claimed all along that nothing but a European Customs Union could justify the outlay and the joint effort of the Marshall Plan. *Barron's* goes even further and declares that "what we need is a much wider customs union, jointly-planned public works, industrial expansion on a coordinated basis, and free migration within the Western World. We must make the links unbreakable."

The bare mention in the Report of the Paris Conference of experts of the desirability of exploring the possibilities of customs union disappointed many observers. But of the sixteen conferees (Iceland, Eire, Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey and Portugal), the three Low Countries have already formed the customs union known as "Benelux", and France has declared her willingness to discuss such union with any or all, and opened conversations with Italy on one.

A great stimulus, a new hope and a wider horizon have been opened up by the Paris talks of last summer. This is a good beginning, yet it would seem, as Dulles urges, that this is the historic moment to press on to fuller realization of the goal of European unity.

We have heard almost exclusively, on this side of the water, of what the United States is to do for Europe. A very important side of the Marshall Plan, however, concerns what the European nations are willing to do to help themselves.

Here is what they envision in their report (printed in full in the New York *Times* of Sept. 24): "They undertake to create stable internal financial conditions. They will make maximum use of their own raw material resources, manpower and productive capacity. They will progressively relax import restrictions, improve payments arrangements between themselves, and transfer surplus labor. They will develop new sources of electric power, in some cases cutting across national frontiers. They will seek to standardize their freight cars and pool these for the best use of all."

"Specifically, they undertake to restore by 1951 their pre-war cereal production, expand their livestock and increase sugar and potato production. They will increase coal output by a third over 1947, or 5½ per cent over 1938. They will expand electric power output by 40 per cent over 1947; boost their oil-refining capacity to two and a half times pre-war; and increase steel production by 80 per cent above 1947, or 20 per cent above 1938."

"They will restore their merchant fleets to pre-war size and increase their inland transport facilities by 25 per cent above 1938. Most of the capital equipment for this expansion they will supply *from European production*."

In all this there is a very important proviso, and one which has been almost entirely overlooked. These plans are based on the assumption, which may not be realized, that by 1951 the flow of cheap food and basic materials from Eastern Europe to Western Europe, and the flow of manufactured goods in the opposite direction, will be restored to pre-war volume.

Should the Soviet Union persist in her determination to defeat the Marshall Plan, and be able to supply the bare needs of her satellites herself, or hold them in line unsatisfied, this premise will not be fulfilled. In that case, the reintegration of the Western European economy into other, and probably more expensive, raw material markets, and the disposal of a much greater proportion of its manufactures overseas, would pose a big new problem.

Half-Sold to Congress

But should such a division of Europe continue and sharpen, it would only be a part of a sharpening division of the world, and—unless one is to assume a complete bankruptcy of leadership—events would have drawn the Western World into closer political and economic association.

Meanwhile, to return to this side of the Atlantic, dispatches from Washington describe an atmosphere, as Congress reassembles, favorable to the Marshall Plan beyond all expectations and predictions of two months ago.

It is unlikely that this rosy picture can continue unmarred for long. There is certain to be a big debate over the size and administration of the Plan, and the controls or rationing it may require in America. Yet the Soviets and their Communist followers in Europe, especially in France and Italy, are probably providing through their riots and vituperation more forcible arguments for the speedy passage of the Marshall Plan than its American protagonists could put up.

The remaining danger is that the Plan might be under-played, and that Taft and others may pare it down until it can provide little beyond food relief and hence fail of its real purpose of putting the Western European countries solidly back on their feet.

It is here that a forthright stand by Canada, offering to play its proportionate part in this far-sighted program with all its potentialities for uniting and strengthening the free Western World, could be of great service. For never was it clearer that the Western World must stand or fall together.

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SPORTING LIFE

Several Dubious Innovations and More Unlimited Substitution

By KIMBALL McILROY

A FEW weeks ago this department saw in the daily papers an advertisement for "Roller Hockey". Impelled partly by curiosity and partly by having nothing else to do, we went down and had a look. Sure enough—real hockey, only on roller skates instead of ice skates.

A little later, this department read an article on the University of Michigan football team. The article said that Michigan had in fact three teams: an offensive team, a defensive team, and a point-after-touchdown team.

Both these experiences have exerted a profoundly disturbing influence. In themselves they don't mean very much, perhaps, but in their implications . . .

Let's take them one at a time.

As a spectacle, the roller hockey was nothing to write home about. It was played (and apparently has been played, in western Ontario and in the United States, for some time) on a wooden or composition floor about the size and shape of a *bona fide* hockey rink. The sticks, costumes, and rules were orthodox. Only when it came to the matter of the puck had some changes been made.

It must be obvious to almost everyone that a rubber disc wouldn't slide very far on wood. The roller hockey people, aware of this, have devised a puck made out of fibre with, allegedly, ball bearings set in both faces to make it slide easily.

The trouble is, the fibre puck doesn't slide either.

This results in a very slow game, very much like ice hockey played on bad ice, a sort of glorified shinny. If the roller hockeyists want to make their game go, they're going to have to put more than one ball bearing in each side of the puck.

Personally, though, we don't care whether they do or not because we are wholly unable to think of any sound reason for playing hockey anywhere but on ice. Hockey was made for ice and, for all we know, ice for hockey (and, perhaps, highballs) and to monkey with such an obvious law of nature is not wise.

When young and foolish, we used to play polo on bicycles, but this was simply because we were unable to afford ponies. That makes sense, but it doesn't make sense to play lacrosse on ice skates, another spectacle to which we were unwittingly exposed one evening.

THERE doesn't seem to be any point in experimentation with sports of hallowed lineage. If lacrosse was supposed to be played on skates, the Indians would have played it that way. Presumably they had skates, or a reasonable facsimile. Possibly they even tried it and found that it didn't work. But are the boys today going to listen to that kind of logic? No, sir, not on your life. They get out there and try it and, by golly, it *doesn't* work.

Same with roller hockey. Little kids in alleys play hockey on roller skates, or even on their flat feet, but they don't go around entertaining any fancy theories that this is a vast improvement on the National Hockey League. They do it solely because they haven't any (a) ice skates, or (b) ice. Which just goes to prove that not everybody gets smarter as they grow up.

The exponents of six-man rugby aren't trying to convince anybody that the game's any better that way. With them it's a straightforward matter of arithmetic and the declining birthrate. Boosters of box lacrosse *do* claim that the indoor, seven-man variety is superior, but their words echo hollowly through vast unfilled arenas.

It's difficult to figure just what gets into these athletic innovators. Nobody ever saw Henry Ford going around expounding some crazy theory that his cars would go faster on runners, or upside down, or turned around facing the other way. Wheels seemed to work fine, and people bought his cars the way they were, and that was okay with Henry.

NO MUSICIAN ever comes up with the notion that a band would sound better if they tried pounding away on the saxophone and blowing on the drums. He knows it wouldn't. It would sound awful.

But sports are a different matter. A guy with an inventive mind wanders down to the ball park and right away he starts thinking. Why go on playing this game with bats and gloves and a ball? he asks himself. Suppose we substitute a puck for the ball? Why not use a hockey stick in place of that bat? It might be a little hard to swing, but who cares?

Or he goes to the rugby stadium. Look at those goal-posts, he says. They're old-fashioned. People have been using them for years. No modernization. The game's dying. It needs new ideas. Now suppose we use a net instead, and maybe play the whole game on ice, maybe with a polo ball. And maybe even mount the players on horses. Or motorcycles.

In the old days, they argued that a guy with notions of that sort had been trafficking with the Devil and tied him to a stake—an old-fashioned stake, the kind grandpa used to use—and toasted him like a marshmallow. Today we're too soft. We listen and shake our heads wisely and even give the suggestion a try.

It doesn't work, of course, but what does, nowadays?

That other business, about the Michigan football team, is interesting not because there's anything new about it but because it's the culmination of a regrettable process which has been going on for some time.

This is an age of specialization, sure, but aren't we going to draw the line somewhere? It seems only yesterday that to be the idol of the kids a football player had to be at least a triple-threat man. He had to run and pass and kick, and of course tackle and back as well. On occasion, he might even carry the water-pail and assist injured comrades from the field.

Not now. Look at that Michigan outfit. They get the ball and on goes the offensive team. There's a runner and a passer and a blocker and maybe a kicker in the backfield. They work until they lose the ball. Right away the coach yanks them and puts in his defensive team, guys who can tackle like nobody's business but probably have never seen a football right up close. When they succeed in stopping the other club, back comes the offensive team and so on until Michigan scores a touchdown. Then the coach thumbs the whole works and puts in instead a placement-kicker and a ball-holder and seven big linemen who can hold like hell along the line.

Maybe some day you meet a little wizened-up runt of a fellow and someone says "This here is Johnny Doakes. Won three games for Michigan last Fall." You take a look and you say in surprise, "That peanut? He don't look like no football player to me. How many minutes did he play?" And your friend says, "No minutes at all. Not even one measly second. But he won three games for them. He kicks points-after-touchdown." You see, time is out while a team is trying to convert.

THAT sounds like a high-grade pipe-dream, but it's true, every improbable word of it. And Michigan at this writing is undefeated. And why shouldn't they be? You find a guy who's a sensational passer. He can hit a fly in the eye at fifty yards. Maybe he can't get out of his own way, running, and maybe he couldn't bring down an old man on crutches with a tackle, but what difference does that make? All you ask him to do is pass. When you want a running play, you jerk the jerk out of there and put in your runner, who probably couldn't make a pass at Rita Hayworth.

It's been coming for years. Under the old English system, if one of your guys broke his neck that meant you played a man short. Then somebody got the idea that this put sort of a premium on dubious tactics, and you were allowed to substitute if a player got hurt or killed or caught short. Then somebody else said, "We got more than eleven men in our college who want to play football and why shouldn't they have a chance, especially since they're drawing down their pay every week?" And so limited substitution was allowed. Now, in the States anyway, it's unlimited. A guy can go into a game oftener than his wife into his pockets. If you see a man with his uniform muddy, that means he must have slipped and fallen down.

It's not only football. Look at hockey. A modern hockey team consists actually of eleven men: one in goal, five coming off the ice for a rest, and five scrambling out onto the ice.

It probably makes a game faster, but it brings disturbing complications. Take Michigan. Suppose they come up with a guy who averages three touchdowns a game all season. Everybody says he's a cinch to make all-American. But is he? Maybe he couldn't catch a pass with a basket. Maybe he couldn't tackle his own grandmother.

Or suppose you select yourself an all-American team and forget to put a placement-kicking specialist on it. Everybody laughs. "A fine team!" they sneer. "Nobody on it could put the ball over the crossbar with a pair of ice tongs."

The possibilities are unlimited, and anyone who wants to can think about them to his heart's content.

This sports-writer, for one, is contemplating seeking other employment before they get him covering scooter-polo.

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Church Editor's Youth Among the Pioneers

By J. E. MIDDLETON

An Ontario farm boy of observant and humorous temper found himself in maturity the editor of a Church weekly of wide circulation and influence. His judicial treatment of controversial issues and his unwillingness to quarrel brought him honor and affection, even from the "ranks of Tuscany."

In retirement, having turned aside from disputation, he set down in a series of sketches, lately published, some of the cheerful memories of his youth among the pioneers.

"BUT ON the other hand" is a most inconvenient phrase. It undermines certainties. It paralyzes self-confidence. No sooner has one determined on the truth and worthiness of the theory, or that course of action, private or public; no sooner has one resolved to be an advocate, incessant in speech and writing, the pesky phrase pops in like a gremlin, confusing and spoiling everything.

For every question at issue has two sides, and a thinking person is doomed forever to see both of them in equal light. Too uncomfortably often the contrasting arguments are so nicely balanced that only a pinch of prejudice or a drop of sentiment is necessary to weigh down one side of the scales.

An Annoying Gremlin

Editors are much annoyed by the gremlin. When they are about ready to thunder on some theme or other the opposite argument rises before them, like the ghost of Samuel before the witch. And then what? The only recourse is to start a new paragraph beginning "But some one will say—" and then to find a rejoinder for each imaginary objection.

William Black Creighton was an editor who knew the gremlin too well, and otherwise had more than usual difficulty. He directed a "religious weekly"; once *The Christian Guardian*, and later *The New Outlook*. And everyone knows that a Church newspaper always has as many critics as subscribers — if not more. Before settling into the Chair he was a Methodist minister, rooted and grounded in the faith. Even then he was noted for resting more on principles than dogma. He was eloquent, but in a quiet way, and his advocacy of the Good Life was supplemented by his charity and courtesy.

Chaucer knew his like:

A bettre preest, I trowe,
ther nowher non is.
He waytede after no pompe
and reverence,
Ner makede him a spiced conscience,
But Christes lore, and his apostles
twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede
it himselve."

As an editor he seldom blazed like a meteor, but was rather a steady light in the window for the guidance of travellers on the straight and narrow path. Times came when he denounced with vigor obvious evils in social, political or religious life, but seldom did he denounce men who disagreed with him. Delivering-over his enemies to hell-fire was not his custom, for "on the other hand" he must have recalled an ancient warning "Judge not that ye be not judged."

Series of Sketches

In his last days he wrote a series of sketches recalling some odd scenes and odd people of Ontario some 60 years ago. He was born on a farm, and had all the joys, and pretended disadvantages, of that birthright. His father was Irish, subject to the impatient patience of the race. In milder moments he played on a flute or fiddle the ancient Irish airs and melted at the sound. One thinks of Artemus Ward's comment on his son, "Orgustus is an ethereal cuss; he plays onto a flute."

The mother was the family balance-wheel, soothing and managing father, gifted with a dozen household skills, even-tempered, diligent and merry, resolved, like her husband, that all the children should have a good schooling. The means were found by miracles of management and sacrifice and the second generation brought honor to the first.

These sketches, entitled "Round 'bout Sun-up" (Ryerson, $1.00.) are without literary pretension, but are a reflection of the author's high enjoyment of the world which "is so full of a number of things." They even recall his mild voice in conversation and his enjoyment of incongruities of thought and conduct.

He tells of the old saint, in a black Prince Albert, who carefully separated the tails when about to sit down after relating his religious experience. But, thinking of "one word more" or "another word and I am done" he remained standing for some minutes longer, the tails still separated and his wide rear dominating the scene for the boys behind him.

He tells of the English hired man who was learning to milk. When asked how he was getting on he replied, "Rather well, I think. I have two of the faucets practically exhausted." He relates the strange story of masterful Aunt Hannah who astonished everybody by getting married in her maturity, and six days later coming back home to stay, with no explanation of the reason for this voluntary separation *de mensa et thoro*.

There are many people in Ontario who will welcome this little book as bearing the sound of a well-beloved voice which being dead yet speaketh.

ANNIVERSARY

COULD I but one wish have
Fulfilled, just one—
Evening would bring you home
With the set sun.

Nothing would matter then,
Not grief, not fear.
My heart would be at peace
Having you near.

Here at the door I stand;
The sun's just set.
A year?—Oh, I will wait
A thousand yet!

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Where Will Pius XII Go If Reds Win Italy?

By JOHN A. STEVENSON

The Gasperi ministry, a coalition of Rightist elements, has a very uneasy seat and Communist forces are incessantly working towards government control.

All last week there were serious disturbances in Naples, Milan and other northern Italian cities. Should a ministry of extreme Leftists, backed by Tito and Stalin, succeed, it is conceivable that the position of the Vatican would become untenable.

This writer, who was for many years Canadian correspondent of the London Times, considers possible countries for a new permanent location for the Papacy and with interesting logic suggests Canada as being most likely.

THE future of an ancient institution like the Papacy, which enjoys the devout allegiance of the over 350 million Roman Catholics now living on this planet, is bound to be of profound importance to them and to the rest of mankind. As has happened before in its long history, its fate is deeply involved in the political and social convulsions which two long and bloody world wars have produced. Today Rome is located no great distance from the Trieste-Stettin line, which marks the western limit of the vast totalitarian structure now under the domination of Moscow and Italy, a strategic battleground in the struggle for the containment of Russian influence. The position of the Papacy therefore is much more precarious than it was in 1935, when Mr. William Teeling, a liberal Catholic, who is now a British Conservative M.P., thus described in his interesting book "The Pope in Politics" the position of Pope Pius XI:

"He knows full well in his eightieth year that Catholicism in Europe has a very doubtful immediate future and, though everything points to the fact that he dislikes the thought very much, he seems since he sent his Secretary to the United States last year to be making some preparations in case of necessity so that the Church could carry out its functions from the new democratic countries."

Since these words were written the situation in Italy and in the whole of western Europe has worsened enormously from the viewpoint of the Vatican. When Pius XI began his reign in 1922, there existed in Italy a large volume of anti-clerical sentiment. This was a legacy from the bitter struggle for Italy's freedom in the middle decades of the 19th century. When the Risorgimento began, Pope Pius IX, fearful of offending a great Catholic power such as Austria then was, placed the universality of the Papacy above the nationalist aspirations of his country. He adopted an attitude of neutrality towards the revolt against Austrian rule. When it triumphed under the leadership of Garibaldi and Count Cavour and Italy regained her freedom as a unified monarchical state under the House of Savoy, the Pope was naturally in great disfavor with the victorious party. When he was penalized in 1870 by the deprivation of all his temporal power, he retired into the Vatican and adopted the role of a voluntary prisoner.

For nearly sixty years the bitter feud persisted between the Vatican and successive Italian Governments. It caused perpetual trouble and complicated the relations of both with foreign powers. The quarrel was only ended when Mussolini, who had started his public career as a violent anti-clerical and permitted his Fascist followers in the early days of their campaign to commit many outrages against Catholic priests and institutions, decided that the Vatican could be his very useful ally. He foresaw that this ally could help him in the dual tasks of combating Bolshevism and reviving the Italian Empire.

National Church

After secret negotiations lasting more than two years, he signed on February 11, 1929, a Concordat which gave the Roman Catholic Church as the national church of Italy a privileged position in all matters relating to religion and education and also a pact known as the Lateran Treaty. The latter recognized the independent sovereignty of the Pope over a state called the City of the Vatican. Its territorial area is only about 100 acres but the Pope was given control of certain ecclesiastical establishments outside its bounds. He was also permitted to have his own law court, guards and police, his own railway station, airport and radio, and special stamps and currency. The concession of the right to exchange diplomatic representatives with foreign countries emphasized full restoration of temporal power.

In return for these great favors the Vatican gave such invaluable help to Mussolini for his policies that so good a Catholic as Mr. Teeling pronounced in 1935 the verdict that "the Vatican has thrown in its lot with Mussolini to a very considerable extent, as every well-informed person in Europe knows".

Such a policy could not fail to earn for the Vatican the implacable hostility of the anti-Fascist elements in Italy and it has to face the consequences of it now that the baneful dictatorship of Mussolini has been replaced by a system of parliamentary democracy. Its operation, however, is once more being bedevilled by a multiplicity of parties, no fewer than thirteen separate factions having contested the recent municipal elections in Rome.

By far the two strongest parties are the Christian Democrats, who are indirectly controlled by the Holy See and the clergy, and the Communists; they form the cores of a definite alignment between the Rightist and Leftist elements.

Shaky Coalition

Today a Coalition of the former with Alcide de Gasperi, the leader of the Christian Democrats serving as Premier, are in power. He and his party have insisted in face of the opposition of their allies, the liberals, in inserting in the new Italian constitution not only the Lateran Treaty but also the Concordat. The Vatican has therefore a vested interest in the survival of the Gasperi Ministry. That administration has a very uneasy seat, being dependent for its existence upon the support of the Right wing of the Socialist party, which has disavowed the inter-party pact of unity made between Signor Togliatti, the leader of the Communists, and Signor Ninni, the head of the Left-wing Socialists.

This pact has lately been cemented by a manifesto of Signor Nenni, which after asserting that it will not be affected by the creation of the new Communist organization called the Cominform, attacked the Gasperi Ministry for mismanaging national affairs and failing to liquidate Fascism. It also accused "high Vatican hierarchs" of hostile propaganda against the Cominform and denounced the Marshall Plan as "capitalist interference."

Today the Communists and their allies are still in a minority in Italy but their command of the allegiance of most of the workers in northern Italy, the chief centre of industry, makes it possible for them to paralyze the whole economy of the country by strikes. Furthermore, they have the sympathy of a mass of landless impoverished peasants, who resent the failure of the Gasperi Ministry to fulfil its pledge to break up the great landed estates into small holdings.

Conditions in Italy are extraordinarily favorable for bringing fresh recruits to revolutionary parties. The plight of the mass of the population is truly desperate. The crops of 1947 have been poor and the revival of industrial activity has been hampered by shortages of essential materials.

Mr. John D. Lodge, a member of the U.S. Congress, after a recent visit to Italy reported his conviction that the Leftist parties plan to use force to destroy the Gasperi Ministry. But their leaders may feel that, in the event of the collapse of the Marshall Plan, they need not resort to violence. Then they can hold out to the hardpressed Italian people an alluring promise—that if only a Leftist Ministry was in power, it could speedily alleviate their hardships by securing substantial supplies of grain from the surplus which Russia has available and is ready to use as a political weapon.

Now the advent at Rome of a Ministry of extreme Leftists, fortified by the backing of both Stalin and Tito, would certainly mean the cancellation of both the Concordat and the Lateran Treaty, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Stalin and his allies might install as Archbishop of Rome some ecclesiastic of the Russian Orthodox Church. Under such circumstances, the

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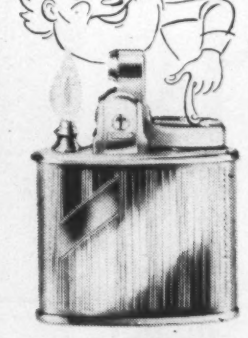

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RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

migration of the Papacy, whose position would become untenable, to some other country would have to be contemplated and it would not be a wholly novel adventure for it.

Towards the close of the 13th century, when France had become the strongest power in Europe, her influence was responsible for a succession of French Popes. So, when in 1305 the election of Clement V, a Gascon who had been Archbishop of Bordeaux, coincided with violent strife and dissensions in Italy, he began the so-called "Babylonian exile" of the Popes. He established the headquarters of the Papacy at Avignon in the south of France and never entered the Eternal City. It was from Avignon that the five Popes who followed, John XXI, Benedict XII, Clement VI, Innocent VI and Urban V, all Frenchmen, governed the Roman Catholic Church. The last-named returned temporarily in 1367 to Rome, which he found in a ruinous condition, and it was left to his successor Gregory IX (1370-78) to re-establish in January 1377 the Papacy permanently in the Holy City.

"Great Schism"

After this event the Papacy became a bone of fierce contention for nearly half a century. "The Great Schism" which produced two rival Popes was followed by another schismatic movement with the result that in the early years of the 15th century three Popes—Gregory XII, Benedict XII and Alexander V—were contending for supremacy but Pope Martin V (1417-31), an Italian, who was an able and wise reformer, contrived to heal the schisms and restore unity to Christendom.

The Papacy has therefore experienced not a few vicissitudes in its history and there is a precedent for its migration from Rome. But the choice of an alternative home is not wide. All Asia, Australasia, and the predominantly Protestant countries of Europe can be ruled out. The strength of anti-clerical sentiment in France and Belgium would forbid any general welcome for it in those countries. Spain could hardly be considered, as long as under Franco it is treated as an outcast by the United Nations, and, while Ireland has not this disability, the Vatican has always looked with disfavor upon the political activities of the Irish priesthood. In the Latin American countries Roman Catholicism is very firmly entrenched, except in Mexico, but migration to any of them would mean a retreat to an intellectual backwater, from which it would be difficult to influence the rest of the world. So the choice seems almost to be narrowed down to the North American continent.

Atlantic Crossing

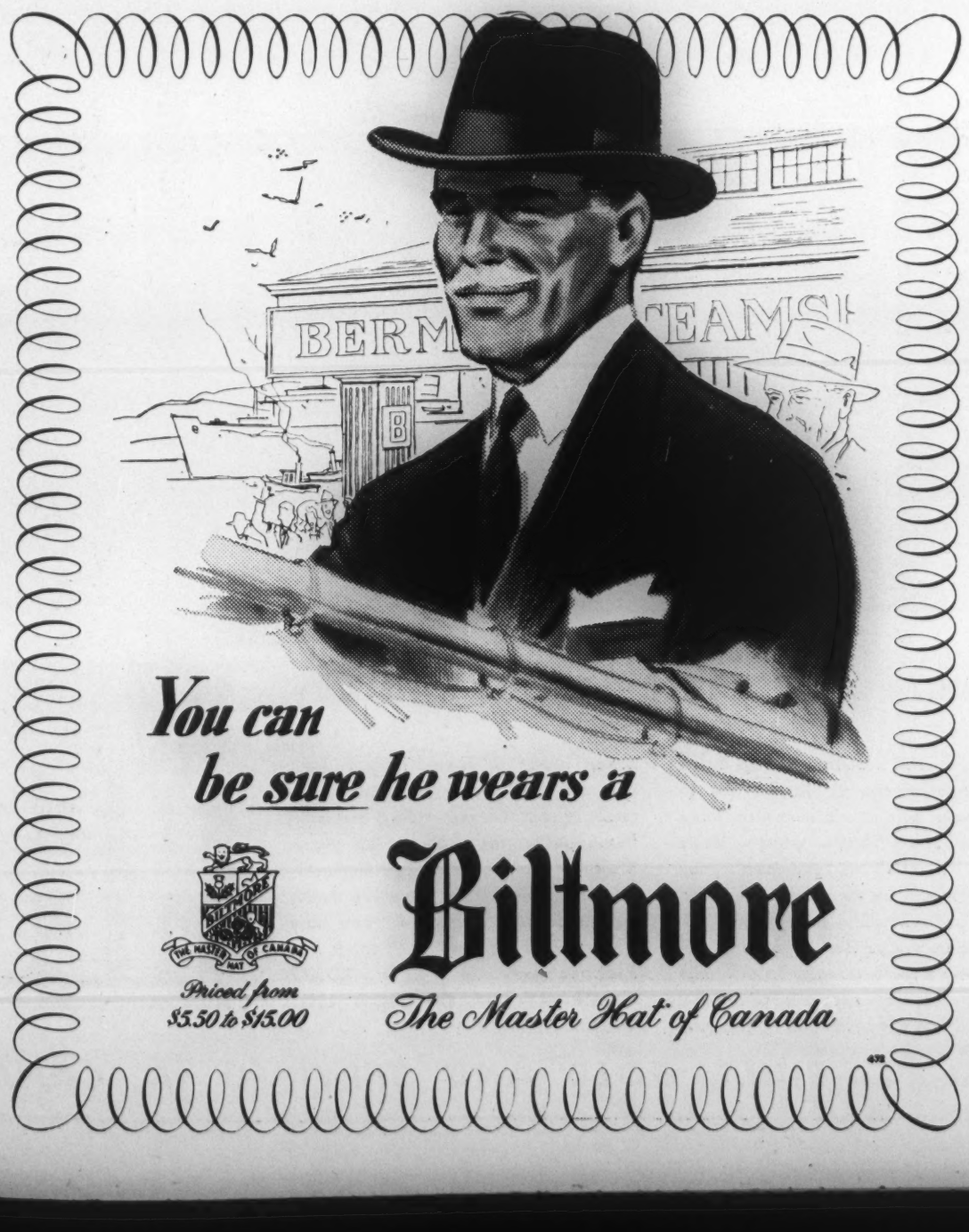
The decision to transfer the Papacy across the Atlantic could not be lightly taken, because the move would be final and not temporary, and it would be a natural development. To the growth of the Roman Catholic communion from the 150 million members with whom Lord Macaulay credited it 100 years ago to its present strength of over 350 millions, the two Americas have been the chief contributors. The Catholics of Europe have not gained in numbers in proportion to the general increase of population. The Catholic Bishoprics of the New World now number some 400 as compared with 650 of the Old World and it is a reasonable forecast that before many years elapse the New World will contain a larger and infinitely richer body of Roman Catholics than the Old World.

The Roman Catholics of the U.S. are today well-organized and their aggregate wealth enables them to be the best financial supporters of their church and incidentally to make its missionary work among Asiatics, now mainly entrusted to American instead of French missionaries as of yore, more effective than it has ever been before. But they only number about one sixth of the total population and in view of the strength of anti-Catholic sentiment in certain sections of the Republic, which was strikingly revealed in 1928, when Al Smith, a Catholic, stood for the Presidency, no U.S. Government would dare to give an official welcome to the Vatican or allow it special privileges.

Accordingly Canada would have much greater attractions for a migrating Pope. For one thing, in default of a heavy inflow of Protestant immigrants, the stage is now set for the numerical ascendency of Roman Catholics in this country. In the census of 1941 43.34 per cent of the Canadian people gave their faith as Roman Catholic and statisticians estimate that in the age groups under 15 Roman Catholics are now near to an absolute majority. So the Vatican, if it were transplanted here, could look forward to wielding greater political influence than in any other Anglo-Saxon country and could thereby mould the international policies of the British Commonwealth. Moreover, a Canadian base would offer easier facilities than ever Rome did for the Pope to maintain close touch with the rich Roman Catholic communion in the U.S.

Inevitably a shift of the centre of gravity of the Roman Catholic Church to Canada would have revolutionary consequences for it. The long succession of Italian Popes and Italian ascendencies in the College of Cardinals would come to an end and at no distant date the first Canadian or American Pope would be enthroned. Such a development would rejoice the hearts of the Roman Catholics of Canada, and, if it appalled our Orangemen, they should not fail to remember that, when their hero, William of Orange won the Battle of the Boyne, he received the congratulations of the reigning Pope and the Vatican was illuminated.

Equally it should not be forgotten that if Canada gave harborage and special privileges to the Pope, she would become a special target of the animosity of Russia. The U.S.S.R. regards the Vatican as its arch enemy. And in the event of a clash of arms between Russia and the western democracies, there would be no recurrence of trouble about conscription in Quebec, as the Roman Catholic Church would support its stern enforcement for the defence of the Papacy.



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11

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Nelsova and Her Cello Are V.I.P.'s to Airlines and Music Greats

By PHYLLIS AXFORD

WALKING across a carpet of blue gentians, to a pink stucco rose-grown cottage, with cherries hanging red-ripe upon the trees, the blue sea at the door, and the snow-capped purple peaks of Spain visible not twenty miles beyond the Riviera border, Zara Nelsova, Toronto 'cellist, last May went with Jean Primrose to her holiday home, wondering what Pablo Casals, the master 'cellist, would think of her playing now.

He had not heard her since she was ten, and John Barbirolli had taken her to play for him. Casals had urged her to come back, later. Later of course, meant after the war in Spain and the war in the world had broken Casals' heart, and had forced him, for reasons of conscience, into voluntary exile in France, as close as he could get to his native land. Now seventyish, Casals no longer appears in concert, because he is too sincere a democrat to give his tacit approval of the present regime in Spain, or to appear in London or in Paris. He believes the powers needlessly allowed the Fascists and Nazis to gobble up Spain. Casals believes the greater freedom lies in Democracy, not Communism. He does not play in Moscow. He just lives quietly in the South of France, mourning the decadence of liberty in his own land.

Zara Nelsova was not left long in doubt of what the master thought about her progress on the 'cello. He asked her back to stay a month and play for him each day, and let him play for her, two or three hours a day, so that he could have a sensitive, sympathetic audience. When the peaches, plums, and figs were hanging ripe in the sun, she returned for a long visit, in company with Jean Primrose, the sister of William Primrose, celebrated violist. For weeks this midsummer, Casals played to Zara Nelsova, and she to him. Only a set engagement in London with Sir Adrian Boult forced her to leave.

"How do you tell your 'cellos apart?" I asked Zara Nelsova and her husband, Philip Spivak, in a Toronto interview this week. Both play 'cellos by Gagliano, 1756, precious and unusual instruments, highly prized. Zara Nelsova looked at me in quick horror, and I realized I had committed a *faux pas*.

Living Instruments

"How does a mother tell her children apart, even when they're identical twins? She knows, that's all. Those instruments are alive."

"It's funny," Philip Spivak added. "If I put my 'cello down and go out for coffee, say, during rehearsal, I can tell instantly if anyone has so much as touched it, when I've been gone, even though the instrument has not been moved an inch. You get intuitive, I guess."

Both 'cellists laughed in understanding. They guard their 'cellos like their own lives.

Philip and Zara Spivak have been married for over five years now, and they live in a pastel-pretty apartment on Toronto's Vaughan Road. They are careful never to practice at the same hours, but the neighbors do not seem to mind how long or how often they do practice. They like it. They have a maid who respects them and fusses over them. Mrs. Spivak dare not do housework because of her hands. Dishwater softens the fingertips, and she has to keep her fingers calloused, to play at peak perfection.

Zara Nelsova had already been acclaimed on three continents when she married Philip Spivak, so both knew the hazards they would face together in maintaining two 'cello careers. Both regret the separations that Zara Nelsova's concert tours involve, and both chuckle at the way Philip suffers before each of Zara's recitals. She remains calm. He worries for two. Zara Nelsova is an ardent vegetarian, but cooks meat for her husband. She never drinks, never smokes, and says she is never tired. Certainly she has exuberant good humor, and flits about the house singing and humming 'cello solo themes, without realizing she is doing it. "I'm getting a little sick of Strauss just now," Philip laughs.

Parmoor Cello

Zara Nelsova's 'cello has a story. When Zara was fourteen, she was invited to play at an English garden party given by Mrs. Hubbard Ellis, wife of the explorer. Mrs. Ellis's sister, the Lady Marian Parmoor, step-mother of Sir Stafford Cripps, was there, but Zara did not meet her. The next morning, Lady Parmoor's chauffeur arrived at the flat where Zara Nelsova was living with her parents, her two sisters, and her younger brother. Tenderly, the chauffeur carried in a priceless Gagliano 'cello, of 1756. Lady Parmoor had noticed that Miss Nelsova was playing a three-quarter size instrument, which she had already outgrown. It would be an honor to have Miss Nelsova use her 'cello during her lifetime. The Parmoor 'cello has travelled with Zara Nelsova since across many countries, half way around the world.

The Lady Parmoor, who studied under Herbert Walenn, as did Zara Nelsova, wanted her heirloom 'cello to reach the heights, even under another's bow. Zara Nelsova has never met her benefactress face to face, but has tried to say her thank-you's in her playing.

Once, Zara Nelsova's 'cello crowded a V.I.P. off a transport plane. Miss Nelsova left a line-up to make sure the airlines officials knew that her 'cello ought to be padded with mailbags to keep it safe. They promised to take care of it, and when Miss Nelsova got aboard, she saw her fine 'cello proudly occupying a whole front seat, strapped in with a safety belt! She is still wondering which very-important-person got left behind by a 'cello, that day.

Zara Nelsova's 'cello has given many notable first performances. This summer, Hindemith chose Miss Nelsova's 'cello to introduce to London and world audiences his own number, "A Frog He Went A-Wooing." Ernest Bloch has invited Zara Nelsova to come this winter to Oregon to work on his 'cello compositions.

Perhaps only Suggia, the Portuguese 'cellist now retired, ever attained the world-wide acceptance Miss Nelsova has already won, as a woman 'cellist.

Closest to Human Voice

"Of all musical instruments, the 'cello is closest to the human voice. Perhaps that is why I respect it so," Zara Nelsova says softly. "I dream of saying all I want to say on my 'cello, and of saying it to perfection."

How close she has come to achieving her ambition may be inferred from the words of Leopold Stokowski, who says over and over again, "Oh, those golden fingers!"

Or by Casals, considered by many authorities to be the greatest musician alive today, who was heard to say this summer:

"There are few 'cellists living who can talk to their audience, in their music. Zara Nelsova can. I have never heard such 'cello playing, even among the greatest."

Honey-haired, stately, graceful Zara Nelsova has played throughout the world, on concert tours through Australia, North and South Africa, and Europe, and on specific solo appearances with distinguished British, Canadian, and American orchestras. This summer she appeared in London, at Albert Hall, under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult, to an audience of ten thousand, not counting the television audience. In October, she fulfilled concert engagements in Winnipeg, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Medicine Hat, and Prince Albert. She has also recently played many broadcasts to Central and South America, from Canada.

ZARA NELSOVA

Early in November, Zara Nelsova played Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme, with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, in Guelph, Ontario. On December 3, Miss Nelsova will appear at Eaton Auditorium, under the auspices of the Women's Musical Club of Toronto. Early in December she will play two concerts with the T.S.O. in Massey Hall, Toronto, at which time she will render the famous Brahms Double Concerto, and the Strauss "Don Quixote." Both selections are exacting, and require forty minutes' playing time! This will be the first time the "Don Quixote" of Strauss has ever been performed by a woman concert 'cellist.

With Buffalo Orchestra

On January 14, Toronto music lovers will have an opportunity to hear Miss Nelsova all evening, in a solo performance at Eaton Auditorium in the Canadian Celebrity Series, sponsored by Affiliated Arts. On January 20, she is scheduled to play the Dvorak Concerto for William Steinberg, with the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra. In March, Miss Nelsova will return to England, where she has been selected to give the European premiere of the Samuel Barber Concerto, under the baton of Sir Adrian Boult, a performance to be broadcast on the International Service of the B.B.C., London. On May 1, Miss Nelsova will appear in recital at London's Wigmore Hall. She has been invited to play in Paris, and hopes to accept, if other commitments permit.

Miss Nelsova's father, a Russian-born flautist of the Petrograd Conservatoire, taught Zara to practice properly from the age of five. In their Winnipeg home, he would get out his flute and bet her she could not hold a note on the 'cello as long as he could on the flute. She was playing a converted viola, because of her size, but she developed a strong bow arm and the art of self-criticism from her kindergarten days. Today this training stands her in good stead. She wastes no precious hours in practice, but concentrates and works for two full hours a day, then knows she has her work correct.

"Practicing the 'cello is like weeding a garden," Zara Nelsova claims. "If you never let it go to seed, you can get it clean quickly!"

• •

GOING DOWN

SINCE the latest lines in fashion's book
Decree the lower hem,
My clothes, too, wear that lengthened look—
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LONDON LETTER

Albert Hall Subscribers Have Done Well with Their Original £100

By P. O'D.

London.

WHEN the Royal Albert Hall was built in 1871, every subscriber of £100 towards the cost was allotted a seat for 999 years—yes, three nines! English people like that sort of lease. It gives them a pleasant sense of continuity, the cosy feeling that things will just go on and on and on.

Some 1,300 seats were allotted in this way, out of a total seating capacity of about 5,000. Without such subscriptions it is possible that the Albert Hall could not have been built; but it must be admitted that the subscribers have done very well out of it. For more than 75 years they, or their heirs, or the people to whom they have sold their rights, have had the best seats and always the same seats for anything they cared to attend, or to which they might choose to send their friends. No queueing up, no being told the house is sold out, but just a matter of walking in and sitting down—like the family pew in church. And if the holder doesn't choose to occupy the seat, it simply remains empty.

There are of course many considerate and helpful private holders who, if they are not using their seats, notify the management so that they can be sold. But there are others who sell their seats to the ticket speculators.

All this is very hard on the concert promoter, to whom the control of these seats might easily mean another £1,000 or more. It is also hard on the concertgoer, who may be turned away though hundreds of seats remain unoccupied. For many years there has been a good deal of controversy about it, and recently it flared up hotly when Sir Adrian Boult and the representatives of the Bach Choir and the London Philharmonic Orchestra made a public statement that "now is a suitable moment to reconsider the propriety of continuing to allow a quarter of the seating capacity of the only full-sized concert hall in London to be governed autonomously by a group of private citizens".

It may be that the holders of private seats can be induced to forego some of their rights, to the extent at least of increasing the number of "free" nights—now only 10 in the year. But, if they should refuse, there seems to be no way of forcing them to do so, short of an Act of Parliament; and not even a Socialist Government, with its official enmity to private privilege, is likely to poke a stick into this hornets' nest. The possession of a private seat is a form of property like any other, and confiscation is still an ugly word in this country.

A Poor Drab Creature

Modern man is a poor drab creature sartorially compared to his distant forbears with their silks and velvets, their plumed beavers and ruffs and lace collars. Think of the figures in the Van Dyck portraits, for instance! And now the modern Englishman cannot even get new clothes, but has to go on wearing the same old ones until they fall to pieces. But he can get a certain melancholy pleasure out of visiting an exhibition which has just been opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum, an exhibition of male attire in England from 1350 to the present time.

The clothes are shown in illustration, beginning with a series of pictures from monumental brasses of the days when ordinary men went about in long, rather monklike garments. Breeches didn't make their appearance until about 1550, but from there on men shone and burgeoned in the superb flamboyance of Tudor and Stuart times—with a grim Puritan interval.

Then came the dignified richness and beauty of the 18th century clothes, the handsome long-skirted coats, the brilliant waiscoats, the wigs and swords and three-cornered hats. And so to the bucks of the Regency and the high-stocked, tight-waisted dandies of Dickens' day. It is a most interesting exhibition, even if you have to look at in flannel "bags" and an old tweed coat with leather at the elbows. But, as I said before, it is a rather melancholy pleasure. What fellows we men once were!

Rights of the Common Man

There are forms of law-breaking in which it is very difficult to get convincing evidence against offenders without setting traps for them. In these days of multiplied controls and regulations such opportunities for breaking the law have very greatly increased, and so also has the temptation to the police to resort to the methods of the *agent provocateur*. But these are not methods which commend themselves to the ordinary Englishman's sense of decency and fair play. It is therefore very pleasant and encouraging to find the higher courts setting their faces sternly against them, as the Lord Chief Justice did recently.

The police in Derby sent a constable in plain clothes into a pub to place a bet with a man suspected of illegal bookmaking. The bet was placed, the man was convicted and fined. The case, on appeal, came before the Court of King's Bench, where the conviction was quashed, and Lord Goddard administered this wholesome rebuke and warning.

"The court observes with concern and strong disapproval," he said, "that the police authorities apparently thought it right to send a constable in plain clothes into a public-house to commit an offence. It cannot be too strongly understood that, until an Act of Parliament provides for that to be done, it would be wholly wrong to allow a practice of that sort."

Humbly and respectfully thanking you, m'lud! These are days when the ordinary man needs all the protection he can get, and it is reassuring to see that the courts mean to give it—even to the ordinary man who has perhaps been kicking over the legal traces a bit. With so many traces just now to kick over, we are all rather apt to get a leg on the wrong side.

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THE BOOKSHELF

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"Our Triumph of Arms Over Nazis Is Only the Merest Beginning"

THE SEALED VERDICT—by Lionel Shapiro—*McClelland & Stewart—$3.00.*

LIONEL SHAPIRO, the well known Canadian war correspondent, has sold his new novel to Hollywood. There it will no doubt be given the usual working-over by a dozen other writers and when it emerges on the screen all its basic philosophical content will have been successfully drained away. That will be a pity, for Shapiro has a significant message for the postwar world. In the meantime, however, readers can, and will, welcome the book.

Shapiro has produced an excellent novel. Its framework is cleverly and soundly articulated, the writing is expert and easy, and the language realistic without being offensive. The settings are painted in with vivid color, the minor characters fit neatly into place and the story is developed with accuracy and taste. What Shapiro believes, and tries so earnestly to convey, is that in a hard-boiled and sometimes savage world, personal integrity of character and a belief in justice and the rightness of things, are the most important of all. Never, in any circumstances should these be subordinated to any other objective, however worthy, or immediate or remote.

This spiritual dilemma of today is worked out against the background of the American occupation of Germany, a land in which conquered and conquerors are almost equally unhappy. The job of a soldier, from general to private, is to fight and win battles; now soldiers are up against human problems and factors which their training was never designed to meet. They do their best, but very often that best is not good enough and expediency triumphs over mercy and justice. For most men the solution is complete moral isolation from existing ugly facts. Shapiro concerns himself with the others who neither could, nor would, take this easy way out.

Harvest of Hate

At the conclusion of his brilliant and successful prosecution before a military tribunal of a noted S. S. butcher type U. S. Major Lashley finds himself strangely discontented. His case has been largely built around the evidence of an erratic Czech; then too, there was that strange defence witness, the beautiful French woman, whose feeble and unavailing help had only been to testify that the German had once spared a Jewish victim. Why had she appeared, to accomplish so little? And when the Czech came around after the trial to demand money, Lashley's doubts grew.

Through one haunted and action-packed week, Major Lashley tried to find the answer. He did find it, and find his own soul too, but in the accomplishment he dredged to the full that residue of hatred and misery which the war brought to Europe. It was the French who finally killed the Jew whom the German had spared; it was a French patriot father who had disowned his daughter because she wanted to marry the Jew. It was the German Fraulein who killed the young American soldier whose child she was bearing, only because he was going home and she wanted to go with him. It was the tortured Czech for whom life held only continued punishment of the beasts who had imprisoned him. The harvest of hate in Europe continued to count its victims.

Fully Credible?

Where Shapiro fails in part is in making fully credible all the actions of his chief protagonists; the only justification is the cruel and fantastic world in which they carried out their duties. It is somewhat hard to believe that the "good" man, Major Lashley, would yield without concern or questioning to a physical impulse of the moment or that the delicately-painted woman could indulge in the brash bitterness of "You have hanged a man and had his woman". It is hard, too, to believe that the hard-bitten professional Commander of an Army would indulge at such length and in such detail in what must, after all, have been a fairly minor case to him. The lesser characters of the book are much more rational; either they do or don't. And if they do, they don't worry about it. The Colonel commanding a military hospital who refused penicillin to save the Fraulein's baby was completely realistic. But even he could advise the troubled Lashley, "Better get out of the army before it breaks your heart or sews it up tighter than mine".

Shapiro was a top-flight war correspondent noted for his energy as well as the excellence of his despatches and when he turns to novel-writing he displays the same accomplished touch. "Sealed Verdict" stands on its own feet as a novel; it is precise, polished and professional. It is, as well, a passionate plea for tolerance and understanding in a world seemingly unaware that the wounds of six years of killing and destruction have by no means healed. For all its ease of reading, the book is not one which it will be easy to forget. Canadians will make no mistake in reading the book instead of waiting for the movie.

LIONEL SHAPIRO

Say the Word, by Ivor Brown. (Clarke, Irwin, $1.50) The Editor of **The Observer** continues his esoteric and hilarious researches (this is the fourth volume) into some of the more unusual words of our language. This successor to **Ivor Brown's Book of Words, A Word in Your Ear** and **I Give You My Word** (S.N., Jan. 18) continues the delightful series of thumbnail essays in which he is being helped out by a growing circle of enthusiastic correspondents on verbal matters. Sample ingredients of the current book include such gems as: Bifarious, Bosko, Bulldoze, Carminate, Ecdysiast, Gripple, Gimph, Inkle, Mugwump, Scrannel, Velleity and Wog. Lousy is there too and it may be of interest to note that Defoe wrote:

"Swoul and Dunwich and Walderswick,
All go in at one lousie creek."

If your dictionary fails you, or you want lively information beyond its scope, the answers to the above and many others, are in **"Say The Word"**.

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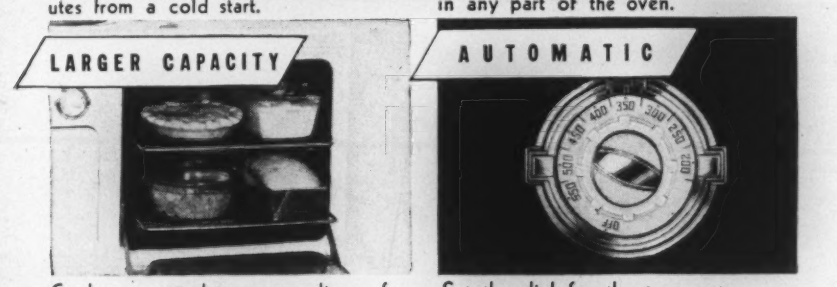

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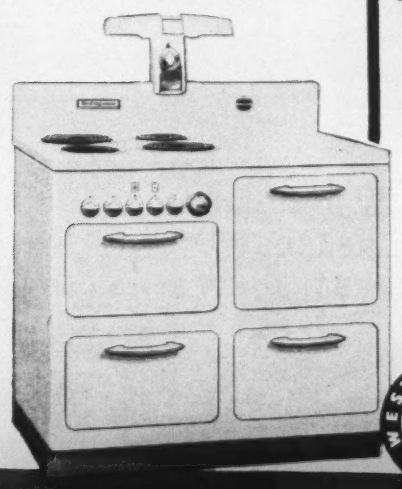

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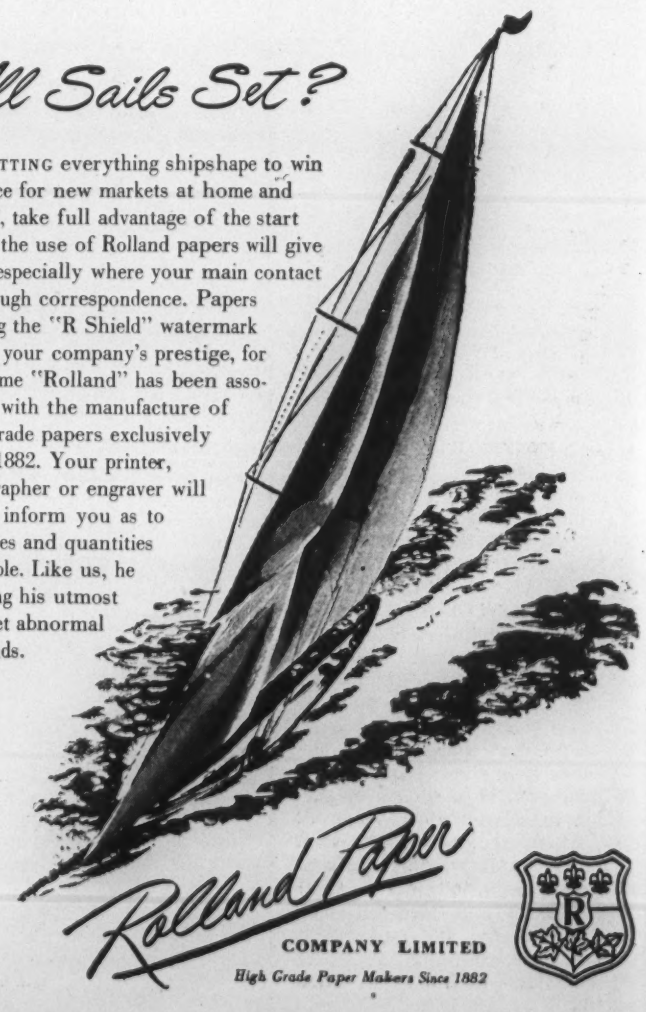

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THE BOOKSHELF

To The Point

ZOTZ!—by Walter Karig—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.75.*

FINGER pointing may be rude, but it can also be hilariously funny. Especially when it is of a peculiarly lethal type and when its sole possessor is a mild but determined Professor of Semitic Languages at an Episcopal Theological Seminary. And when there is a war on it seems only logical that this potent weapon should be employed against the enemy. The problem was to get those who sat in the seats of the mighty to see it that way.

Walter Karig should know about that problem. In Washington he was a four-striper P.R.O.-type in the U.S. Navy and little in the bureaucratic mumbo-jumbo seems to have escaped him. On the side he is a serious naval historian but his happy readers will be still happier when he sticks to efforts like "Zotz". There is far too great a scarcity of really funny books today and it is pleasant to welcome "Zotz" as one of them.

Like Professor Jones, the book is a little slow in starting. After all life in a Theological Seminary is not of the more exciting varieties, but there is action aplenty once the Professor has determined that he, and he alone, possesses the means to bring the war to an abrupt and victorious end. The strange gift came to him by way of an ancient disc, recovered by a former student, serving in North Africa. Only the professor could decipher the disc; this and a thunder-storm gave him the magic power. When he pointed his finger any creature became immediately immobilized. When he pronounced the name of "Zotz", dissolution was rapid and complete. It worked on moths. When it worked on a mad dog there was nothing for it but on to Adolf Hitler.

But between Zotz and Hitler stood the Washington merry-go-round. Professor Jones started at the White

WALTER KARIG

House and worked his way down. The White House vaguely gathered (the Professor was a little vague on strategy himself) that he wanted to help the Greeks so very shortly he found himself in Manhattan assigned to the political committee of American-Greeks working on the next election. The O.S.S. proved no better, nor did the Navy, Army or Air Force. But Jones' adventures with the great and near-great of the Pentagon and elsewhere provide Karig with a field for characterization and caricature which results in one of the funniest war portraits to come to hand. Washington defeats Jones utterly and completely so Zotz never meets Hitler. But Professor Jones is still saving it up.

Notable Names

The book has weak spots, especially as noted, in the beginning. The woman angle—except for one marvelous lesson in not pointing, which is unfortunately spoiled by explanation—is mostly extraneous. But the woman does bring in Special Agent Paxton D. McJavert of the F.B.I. And McJavert is but one example of the notable people with even more notable names who encompass the downfall of Professor Jones. Walter Karig will improve in smoothness and style as his work progresses. In the meantime "Zotz" is a zestful and sparkling addition to current reading.

THE THEATRE

Katharine Cornell as "Cleopatra"

By BRIAN DOHERTY

SHAKESPEARE'S "Antony and Cleopatra" has long been the delight of scholars and the despair of theatrical producers. For all its magnificent poetry, its passionate love story, its turbulent action, it is still a devilishly complex and difficult drama to stage satisfactorily.

So much greater the triumph of Katharine Cornell who, as Cleopatra at the Royal Alexandra this week, is giving the supreme performance of her career. Here, at last, is a role that challenges the resources of even this great dramatic actress, and she rises to it with a performance of thrilling vitality and luminous artistry. Cornell's is a complex Cleopatra—a subtle, scheming, sensual, royal wanton—a creature of ever changing moods and passions—yet all moulded into a glowing and glorious unity in the crucible of her genius. So complete is her triumph that one feels that all her splendid performances in the past—her Iris March, her Juliet, her Candida and her Elizabeth Barrett—have been merely preliminary training of her remarkable acting gifts to meet the challenge of the Egyptian temptress.

The celebrated English actor, Godfrey Tearle, brings to the role of Antony a magnificent presence, a beautifully resonant voice, and a disturbing resemblance to the late President Roosevelt. While he gives a fine reading of the part, of the standard classical school, one regrets that his stage appearance is not a shade less mature. It is true, historically, that Antony was in his fifties at the time of his romance with the Queen of the Nile, but the play, with its many scenes of battle and passion, would be more effective if the producer, taking his cue from Shakespeare, had winked at history.

As always with the Cornell-McClintic productions, they have assembled a company of remarkable excellence. Particularly notable are Kent Smith and Ralph Clanton, two of America's finest young actors, playing Enobarbus and Octavius Caesar. Joseph Holland is a splendid, swaggering Pompey; Ivan Simpson, associated for years with the late George Arliss, is a restrained and delightfully comic Lepidus; and the young Canadian actress, Bettv Low. is a suitably pale and lovely Octavia.

"Antony and Cleopatra," with its alarums and excursions, its frequent scenes and swift changes from Egypt to Rome and Greece and back to Egypt again, its battles and sea-fights, presents a series of staggering difficulties for the producer. But Guthrie McClintic, long recognized as one of the greatest of directors, is a match for it all.

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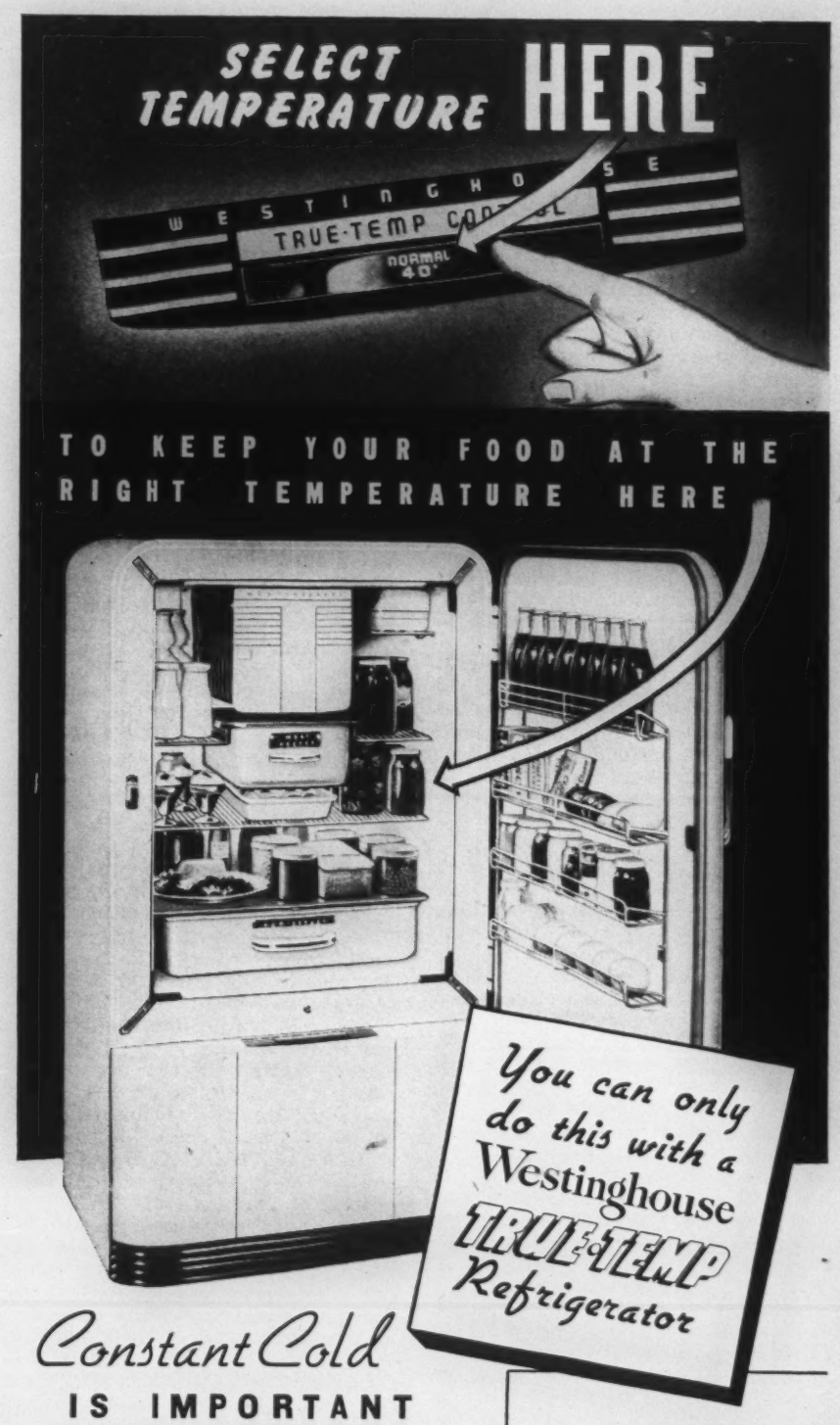
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BOOKS ON WORLD AFFAIRS

Mr. Crankshaw on the Russians And Shirer on the Germans

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS—by Edward Crankshaw—*Macmillans*—$2.50.

END OF A BERLIN DIARY—By William L. Shirer—*Ryerson*—$3.75.

THE EUROPEAN COCKPIT—by W. H. Chamberlin—*Macmillans*—$4.00.

THE BALKANS—FRONTIER OF TWO WORLDS—by King and O'Brien—*Ryerson*—$4.00.

DR. BENES—by Compton Mackenzie—*Oxford*—$6.00.

CRANKSHAW'S "Russia and the Russians" is a magnificent piece of interpretative writing which succeeds fully in doing what the author set out to do, to convey the *feeling* of this nation and its background. I can't recall anything quite like it since Ossendowski's "Shadow of the Gloomy East," which I read nearly twenty years ago, though Malcolm Muggeridge's "Winter in Moscow" had something of this feeling.

Here is a book to read along with Kravchenko's description of daily life in Soviet industry, of the purges and the bureaucracy from the inside. It takes a much wider sweep, goes further back and views things more philosophically — perhaps because more painlessly. And it must be one of the most objective books ever written on the highly controversial subjects of Soviet Russia and Communism. Compressed from an immense study of Russian history and literature and observation of life in Soviet Russia during the war, it is a *tour de force* throughout and worth a hundred of the "I Saw Russia in Thirty Days" quickies.

The writer begins with a highly imaginative description, which he admits may be thought "nebulous and high-falutin," of the great plains and the harsh climate of Russia, to show how the temperament of the people has been influenced by its environment.

Unreal View

Returning from Moscow to London during the war he found the British idea of the Russians incredibly unreal. "You left the company of a battered and weary nation struggling on with a weary war, making the usual muddles and mistakes, groping on from day to day, like any other nation, but enduring privations unimaginable to us, now weakening, now regaining strength, wondering what it was all about, but saved from demoralization in moments of blackest despondency by the very real fact of German soldiers sprawled all over their own cherished soil; you left this people, tired of the crowded tubes and trams, sick to death of the blackout, weak through under-nourishment often to the point of starvation, and hanging on blindly while their beloved Red Army recovered from its appalling initial defeats and, by sheer weight of numbers and machinery and by occasional strokes of brilliant generalship, at last halted, and then beat back the inglorious invader, their readiness to die and be hurt outweighing in the long run their multifarious inefficiency; you left this familiar scene and returned to London, then convalescing between blitzes but also shabby, weary and blindly hanging on, and were immediately treated as a visitor from another planet inhabited by a rarefied and immaculate race fighting with utter unanimity and unflagging inspiration and precision, showing boldness when boldness was needed, prudence where prudence was needed, and supported by a civilian population which labored, starry-eyed, and never muttered or harbored a dark thought. Whereas we. . ."

Crankshaw knew that there must inevitably be a reaction to this sort of thing after the war, and now that it has come—disastrously he thinks—he believes that it is necessary to put down clearly just what Russia and the Russians are really like. This he has done so honestly that he fears he may have cut himself off from his many friends in Russia.

Since the affection which he has gained for this people, and his deep sympathy with their historical tribulations, are so evident throughout the book, this fear can only be taken as an indictment of the blind intolerance of Russia's present rulers. Indeed, at one point the author asserts that Tolstoi, Dostoyevsky and Kropatkin would probably be liquidated if they lived in present-day Russia.

There is so much meat in this compact little book that one can do no more than offer a few bites for tasting. Essentially his view is that the boundless plain, without natural barriers to confine the perpetual centrifugal drift, the long winters with their enforced idleness, the uncertainty and severity of the climate, and the Tartar conquest formed the basic Russian character long ago.

Good and Bad

The basic trait in this character is immoderation. Another is a total absence of hypocrisy. "For the Russian has seen in times of famine that affliction falls on good and bad alike." Then there is a capacity for seeing life whole and seeing it real, regardless of its painfulness. Centuries of serfdom left on them the marks of irresponsibility, lethargy and idleness, fatalistic passivity, and a rooted distrust of government in every form.

Though serfs so long, this writer asserts that the Russian people are really independent to the point of anarchy, and expansive to the point of incoherence. And here he makes one of the main points in the book. Perceiving the good for limitations in human society but having no inborn sense of limitations, they surround themselves with restrictions of the most arbitrary kind. By this he explains their acceptance of the Tsarism and of Sovietism, of the complete orthodoxy of the Greek Church and now the rigid orthodoxy of Marxism.

As exhibited in the severity and immensity of the plain, and in recurring famine, the ever-present universe is seen to be inimical. This leads to the attitude expressed in *Nichevo!*, what does it matter? "For what, when all is said, and against that overwhelming background of insensate and indifferent nature, does everything matter?"

Crankshaw finds too that the Tsarism, and the men in the Kremlin today, were indelibly affected by the long Tartar conquest. The Tartars isolated Russia from Europe, so that the decisive growth of the Russian state took place behind a Chinese Wall. The founders of modern Russia depended for their position on the favor of Oriental autocrats, and learned from them the efficacy of violence.

No Quarter

Coming to the use of terror today, the author can be a little more philosophical about it than a Kravchenko who has been through it. "If a people is incapable of compromise you will get, between the ruling power and the opposition, a state of war *à l'outrance*. And that, in fact, is what happens in Russia and always has happened. No quarter is given or demanded." He admits freely that in the collectivization or the peasants, the government "declared war on a very large proportion of its people."

From here on the socialist and the western liberal in the author are in constant conflict. While he calls Lenin one of the geniuses of our time, and the Soviet state "a precious new society, a paradise of Komsomols," he asserts that "what Joseph Conrad called 'the worst crime against humanity, the ruthless destruction of innumerable human minds,' is practiced in Soviet Russia today with a single-mindedness and efficiency very much in excess of that attained by any Tsar... The human mind as we know it and understand it and value it, is quite stamped out."

He is honest enough to ask what do you *do* with a socialist paradise when you get it, when you have killed your individual souls in order to get it? "One day the Russians, being Russians, will begin to ask that question . . . and then things will begin to hum." But he is socialist enough to believe—or hope—that a new equilatarian society is being created.

On Equal Terms

No privileged class is being created, he insists, but only privileged individuals. He is brash enough to assert that "all the glitter and panoply and gormandizing of the new privileged groups have no effect on the massive socialist unity of the Russians. . . This is a socialist society in which every Russian feels he owns the country on equal terms with all other Russians. And he does not in the least mind the bosses. . ."

There is a strong tendency to insist that the new youth that has been indoctrinated with socialist belief justifies all the sacrifice. "What matters is what the young people think . . . The youth are what counts . . . They are running the country . . . There is nothing to stop them . . ." And by the youth, he makes plain that he means only the bright city youth.

He finds the broad mass of elderly Russians, even those who "once flamed with Bolshevik enthusiasm," fairly negative; while the middle-aged have secret reservations. But instead of considering that, after 30 years of bitter experience, they might really *know something* about socialism, he passes them off callously by saying "the old will soon be dead." It is enough that the young, the Komsomols, will build the elusive paradise.

The writer's brief chapter on foreign policies is the weakest, I think. It is all from the Soviet point of view, and could be written by Zilliacus, the Labor Party fellow-traveller just back from Moscow these days with the revelation that Stalin only wants peace. One suspects that Crankshaw hates Chamberlain more than Hitler or Stalin.

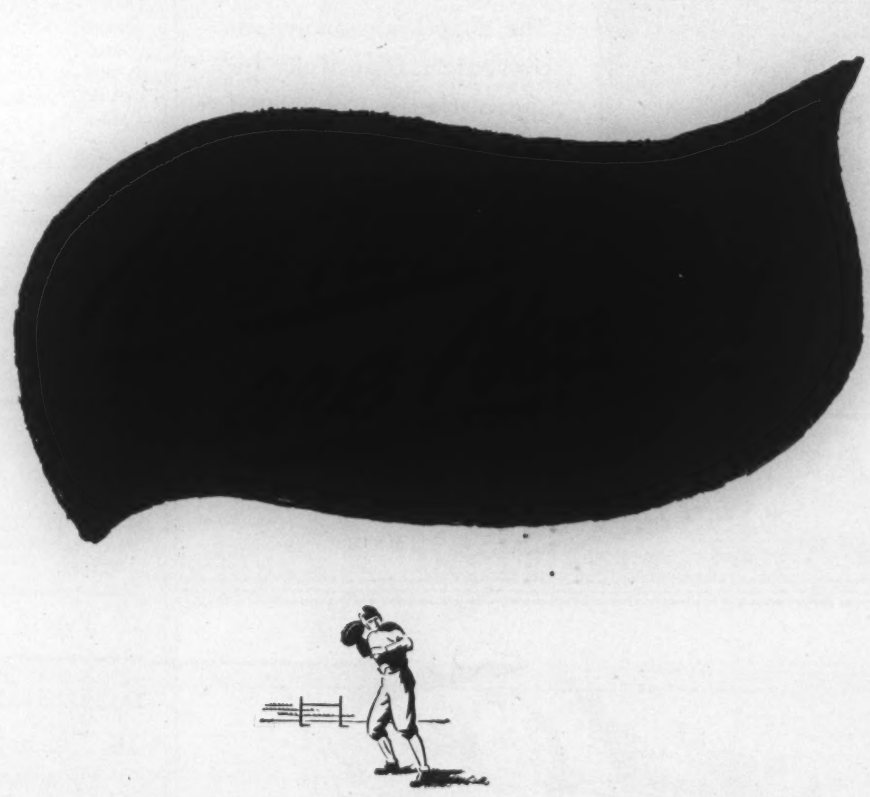
Yet Crankshaw will not get back into Russia. He won't be forgiven for calling Stalin the Philip of Spain and Vishinsky the Torquemada of an intolerant new religion; for revealing that the corruption he heard of in the Red Army commissariat "was precisely what one had heard of in the Tsarist Army;" for speaking too frankly about the "interminable Russian muddles;" or for saying that Soviet elementary education "is based on lies;" in brief, for trying to give with the few limitations noted, a true picture of Soviet Russia as it really is, and to explain why it is this way.

Back to Berlin

Shirer's "End of a Berlin Diary" does not do as good a job for the German problem. It is a curious, disjointed book, comprising diary notes skipping through the final year of war and the San Francisco Conference, his return to Berlin for a 12-day visit in the fall of 1945, the opening of the Nuremberg Trials, a solid section of Nazi documents and a final wail of disillusionment over the state of the world and the attitude of radio sponsors towards one William L. Shirer.

While I could be sympathetic on the latter score, on reading the book one can't help but wonder whether his sponsors dropped him simply because he had missed the boat too often. One asks, over and over, why a man who had misjudged things so often, would choose to publish it all now?

For Shirer quotes from his diary his view that the Yalta Conference was "a landmark in history" and its communique "the most hopeful document produced in this century." "It



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is doubtful if the sights of men have been raised so high in modern history." At San Francisco his hopes of peace and his vision of "man's magnificent sense of dedication the day peace descended on this wretched world" seem to have been brighter than were held by most others at that time.

Although it was already the Year Two of the expansion of the Soviet Empire into Eastern Europe, he could only see the "fuss" over Poland as a scramble for headlines. For himself, he found Molotov's words "pretty convincing," and was satisfied that "the Russians want here what we want." The deterioration in allied relations was to him "only temporary, and more apparent than real." "This baseless fear of Communism is the root of our trouble."

Potsdam, again, was "a remarkable document, and on the whole a good one," producing "uncommonly wise decisions" on Germany. On second thoughts, it is "a milestone in history." There is never a query as to whether it will be carried out.

We Did This!

Even his account of his return to Berlin, while of the keenest interest to all correspondents who have worked there and fascinating to one who made the identical tour on arrival in the city and also clambered down into Hitler's bunker and saw the couch on which he died, will hardly convey to the general reader an adequate description of Germany in defeat. Also it tends to gloat where one may well stand appalled by tragedy on a stupendous scale, and contemplate that, although the Nazis were guilty of starting the war, *we did this*.

The documents which Shirer selects, however, are of the greatest interest. There is the full story by Hanna Reitsch of the last ten days in the bunker, the British Intelligence summary of the evidence of Hitler's death, Finance Minister Schwerin von Krosigk's diary, which I had not seen before, recounting the hectic schemes of the final month to make a deal with the Western Powers and retouch the uglier features of the dictatorship; the minutes of Hitler's briefing of his generals just after Munich, and again a week before the war began; and General Halder's criticism, as Chief of Staff, of Hitler's disastrous interference with the strategy of the Russian campaign.

Follows, a year and a half later, a ruminating conclusion which shows more than a trace of Henry Wallace's fuzziness. Shirer thinks it would have been a "fine and noble thing" had America supported democracy in the world against Hitler's threat in 1939, but considers today's Truman Doctrine of containing Communist expansion "ill-conceived." So he leaves us to continue "restlessly travelling up and down this sorry earth seeking out what little truth a man can find among his erring fellowmen."

In Disagreement

William Henry Chamberlin, too, has returned to Europe and written a book about it, "The European Cockpit." For those who haven't run across him before, he went as *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent to Russia, immediately after the Civil War, shared in the early hopes of the "great experiment," wrote a history of the Revolution, married a Russian girl—and left in 1934 completely disillusioned, to write in "Russia's Iron Age" of the brutal counter-revolution which was underway. Believe it or not, he currently contributes a column to both the *Wall Street Journal* and the weekly social democratic *New Leader!*

His reaction to Yalta and Potsdam, and his views on the "fuss" over the Poles and the Communist problem, are exactly the opposite to those of Shirer, while he has the same sympathy with the efforts of Socialists like Leon Blum in France. He gives a solid and competent account of the state of Europe after the war and the struggle for Europe today.

One will find here also some strong refutations of Crankshaw's insistence that the Soviet state holds the all-embracing loyalty of the young and the under-40's. Thus the author quotes General Bradley as saying that 150,000 Soviet citizens were captured in German uniform on the Western Front. With General Vlasov's anti-Soviet army on the Eastern Front, Chamberlin estimates that half a million Soviet citizens in all, joined German or German-sponsored military formations. The Germans and Japs, he remarks, were never able to recruit a regiment or a company of dissident British or Americans. At least a million Soviet forced laborers, refugees and Red Army deserters refused to go "home;" but not a hundred cases were heard of Americans unwilling to return to the U.S.

The Balkan phrase of the struggle for Europe is magnified to full scale in the study by King and O'Brien, Associated Press correspondents, of events in Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey during the final year of the war, and since. Though neither of these young men seems to have known Europe before the war, they have matured with their wartime experience, have absorbed their subject and do an excellent job.

The Master Plan

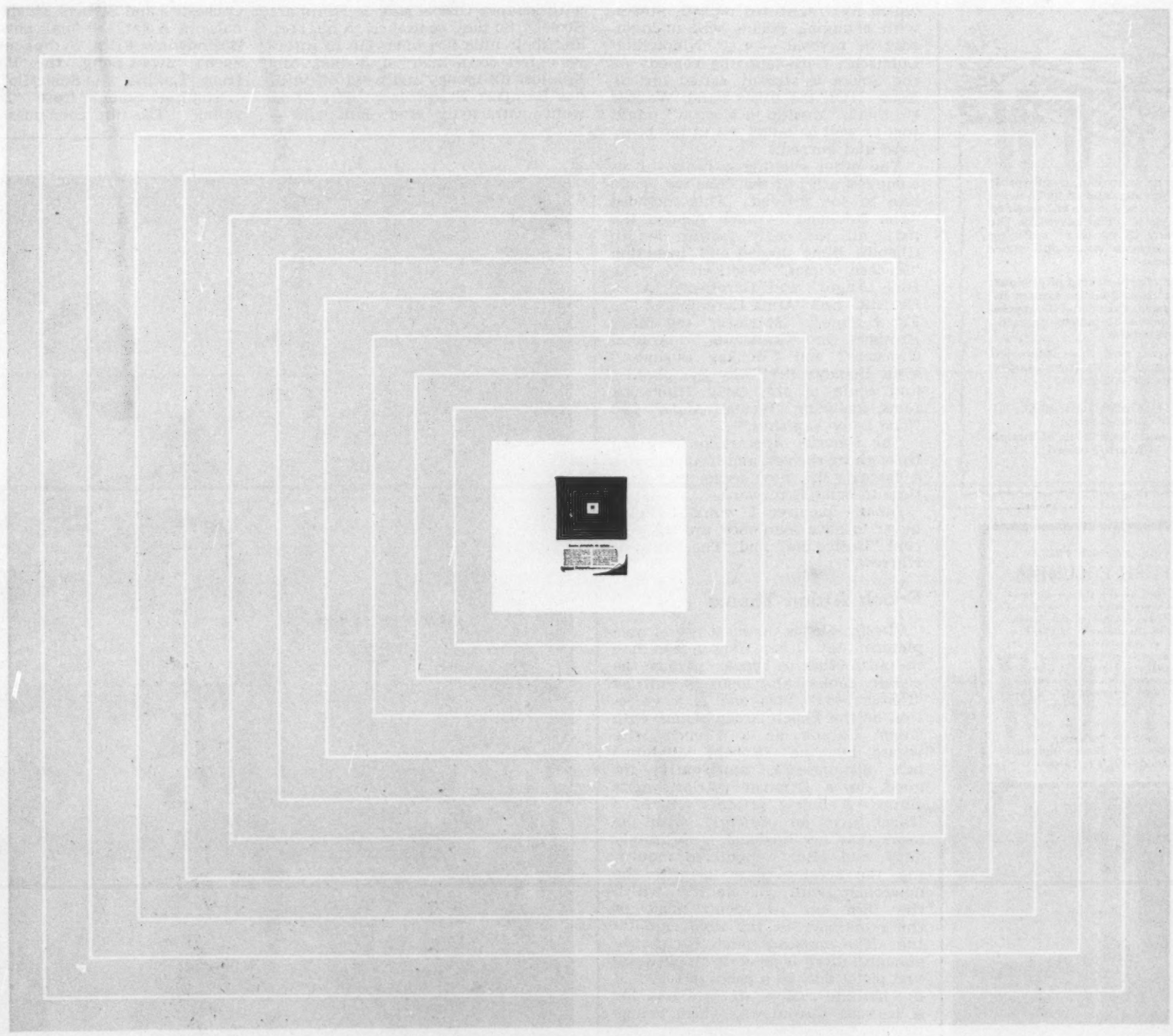
Here is the story of the unequal struggle, as it unfolded, between the Soviets, who "had a master-plan for the Balkans . . . and a loyal Communist core in each country trained and ready for the job" and the Anglo-Americans, who had at best, "a vague and wishful program, based on the hope that all liberated peoples would turn instinctively towards representative democracy."

The two authors find that Communism is "basically a philosophy of wrath and regimentation, openly preaching and practicing the doctrine that the great majority of people do not know what is good for them and must be led, pushed, bullied or even tortured into a happy future; whereas democracy's basic faith is reposed in the good judgment and the sound character of the common man and his ability to manage his own affairs through wise mass action."

That is a sample of their philosophy; along with it the two writers give us a good description of events and a clear-headed analysis of their meaning. The book ends on the northern frontier of Greece, where the receding frontier between two worlds stands today.

The "two worlds" theme comes up again very early in Compton Mackenzie's biography of President Benes of Czechoslovakia. Only this time it is the Czech democratic world, and Hitler's, and Dr. Benes is telling how he refused to go to see Hitler, before Munich, because he felt it was undignified to expose oneself to the ravings of a maniac, and it could lead to no exchange of ideas. When his associates continued to press him to go, he said very well, but he would take a hand grenade in one pocket and a pistol in the other and if Hitler shouted at him as he had at Schuschnigg, he would toss the grenade!

This is only one of the surprising sidelights on the character of the unassuming-looking but courageous and very tenacious statesman who alone of all his generation has survived the turmoil of the past thirty years in Central Europe in high place. The book is a beautiful production, profusely illustrated with scores of color and black and white pictures, ranging over the entire Czechoslovak scene, and admirably indexed.



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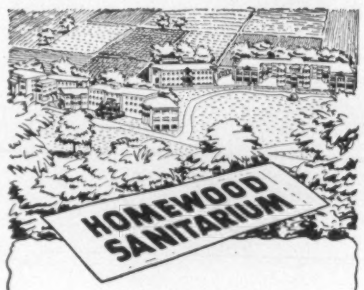

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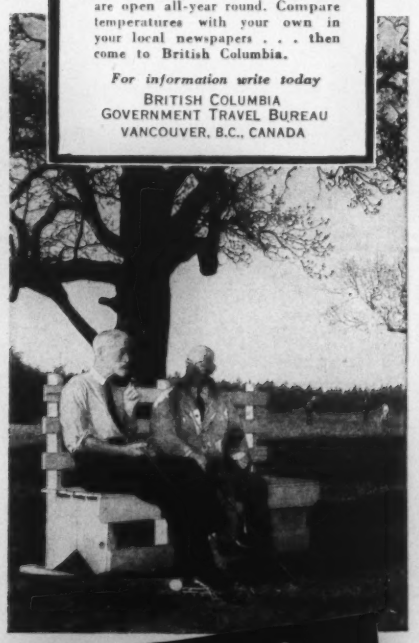

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FILM PARADE

Hollywood Has a Notable Backlog in Popular Screen Revivals

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IN THE midst of the financial crisis brought about by the British austerity tax on American films, Hollywood appears to have discovered that it has, after all, a considerable backlog in the popular films of several seasons ago. All sorts of half-forgotten productions are likely to turn up while the Industry is in this housecleaning mood. Some of these, no doubt, will be heavy-budget costume dramas, some with their original deficits still to make up. Most, however, will probably be re-issued on their original box-office score, since it is always good policy to throw good money after good. The odd film which has registered topical interest with changing events will undoubtedly be revived — e.g. "Ninotchka" Lubitsch's Garbo-starring comedy on the Soviet is already slated for reissue. (On the other hand, Warner Brother's "Mission to Moscow" might just as well be taken out in the backyard and burned.)

The other evening a group of us compiled a list of the films we would like to see revived. This included "The Informer" (which headed the list), all the early feature length Chaplin films up to and including "Modern Times," Dietrich in "The Blue Angel" and Garbo in "Anna Christie" and "Anna Karenina," "The Front Page," "Scarface," the Marx Brothers in "Cocoanuts," "Animal Crackers" and "Monkey Business," Walt Disney's first Silly Symphonies and some of the early Hitchcock films, including "Woman Alone" and "The Lady Vanishes."

The Industry appears to be going through its shelves, and if anyone has a favorite list, now seems to be the time to bring it forward.

Among pictures I would be glad never to have seen once, are the current "Desire Me" and "The Foxes of Harrow."

Enoch Arden Theme

"Desire Me" is the most regrettable picture that Greer Garson has had the misfortune to appear in since the equally foolish and foolishly entitled "Remember?" This one is a variation on the Enoch Arden theme with Greer Garson as a French wife whose husband (Robert Mitchum) has disappeared, apparently for good, in a German war-prisoner's camp. A fellow prisoner (Richard Hart) turns up presently, with the news that her husband is definitely dead, and after a night of mourning, the heroine takes up with the newcomer with an alacrity which the film has to spend most of the remainder of the time explaining. The husband comes back, sure enough; there is a very fancy knife and pistol duel in a peasoup fog, and the heroine rushes off to Paris for a nervous breakdown, which brings us back to the opening sequence. (It's told of course in flashback.) The producers have attempted unsuccessfully to cover up the lack of real drama in the situation by the use of over-dramatized photography, and the result is a turgid and pretentious film. Greer Garson tried hard to bring the familiar Garson glow to her performance but the effort is so obvious as to be painful. Robert Mitchum and Richard Hart are just lugubrious and perfunctory about theirs, and nobody could possibly blame them.

"The Foxes of Harrow" is quite as foolish and theatrical as "Desire Me" and even longer. It's about an Irish adventurer turned Louisiana planter (Rex Harrison) and his haughty wife (Maureen O'Hara), and most of the picture is taken up with their interminable domestic bickerings. On their wedding night Mrs. Fox bolts her door and Mr. Fox gets drunk and hammers the door down. The broken door gets considerable attention from the camera so it's no surprise to anyone who knows his screen references when Mrs. Fox announces sometime later that she is going to have a baby. The baby didn't help much, however, for by the time Mrs. Fox, slightly softened by maternity, got round to unbolting her door, Mr. Fox was off with a fancy Creole lady in Rampart Street. So they continued to quarrel, and their little boy hurrying to intervene fell down stairs and died, Mr. Fox lost his money and went off with his Rampart Street lady, Mrs. Fox went distractedly after him and — since somebody had to take some reasonable action—I went home. Rex Harrison is alternately sour and desperate throughout the picture, and Maureen O'Hara mostly sulks. She is a very beautiful girl but even the most beautiful girl can be pretty trying after she has nursed her proud hurt feelings for two mortal hours.

In "Carnegie Hall" Marsha Hunt's difficult husband also rushes out after a domestic scene, and he too falls downstairs and dies. The production might have followed his example if it had had to depend on the plot. Fortunately the plot is nothing more than a pretext for assembling the most impressive musical group ever brought together in a single film. It includes Stokowski, Bruno Walter, Lily Pons, Artur Rubinstein, Rise Stevens, Piatigorsky, Rodzinski, Jan Peerce, Ezio Pinza and Jascha Heifetz. The result is an extremely brilliant "Pop" concert, studded with such familiar classics as the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the last movement of Tschaikowsky's Concerto for Orchestra and Strings, Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, the final movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Saint-Saen's "Swan Song," the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé," "O Sole Mio" and the "Drinking Song" from "Don Giovanni." The film concludes, for reasons having to do with the plot, with "57th Street Rhapsody." While the music itself isn't experimental, the idea of presenting it on such a scale and in such hands is both daring and prodigious. The picture is worth seeing for the Rubinstein performance alone; never mind the foolish plot.

SWIFT REVIEW

FOREVER AMBER. The notorious Amber reaches the screen in one of the dullest and most expensive pictures ever filmed. With Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde, George Sanders.

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BERNICE COFFEY, *Editor*

Women Must Choose Privileges or Rights

By C. H. HIGGINBOTHAM

AN ARDENT prairie feminist took time off recently to digest the contents of Saskatchewan's new Bill of Rights. This admirable woman, who reads parliamentary bills for her enlightenment and dips occasionally into Hansard for light reading, is also an all-out proponent for equality of the sexes.

Without comment she read carefully through the difficult legalistic language of the various clauses and noted with satisfaction that it is now an offence to discriminate against any person, man or woman, on the grounds of race or religion. She found this applies to such things as the right to employment, access to public places, availability of education, choice of occupation and the traditional freedoms.

Then her brow darkened. "Listen to this," she said. "Clause 8 of the bill. 'Every person and every class of persons shall enjoy the right to obtain and retain employment without discrimination with respect to the compensation, terms, conditions or privileges of employment because of race, creed, religion, color or ethnic or national origin of such persons or class of persons'." She took a breath.

"What about discrimination against women?" she demanded. "If this were a proper bill of rights it would put women on an equal footing with men. If it were an offence to discriminate against women in matters of employment there would be equal pay for equal work—women would have some come-back when they are put out of jobs to make way for less—qualified men. A bill of rights—phooey!"

This champion of women's rights might appear to have something. On the other hand it is certain that Attorney General J. W. Corman, sponsor of the Saskatchewan bill, who is an astute lawyer and certainly no misogynist, did not discriminate against women in this piece of legislation even if he did not attempt to eliminate some of their ancient grievances. The fact is, of course, that this law is designed to prevent, insofar as any law can, the ugly business of racial and religious intolerance. In that respect women get the same protection and carry the same responsibilities as men.

And if any provincial or Dominion lawmaker in Canada did attempt to legislate to protect women against sex discrimination he would get a large-sized headache. Whether a women's bill of rights is practicable at all is open to question, and, certainly, it is difficult to imagine a law that could deal effectively with sex discrimination and at the same time satisfy many women that they were not losing more than they were gaining.

Jury Duty

For instance, there is one clause in the Saskatchewan bill which makes it an offence to refuse anyone access to a public place on the grounds of race or creed. Amend it slightly so that no one can be refused admission on the basis of sex, and, if they wished to, women could storm the beer parlors of the province from which they are now barred.

"And what," the ardent feminist may ask, "would be wrong with that?" Nothing perhaps, except that the majority of the women in Saskatchewan, particularly in rural areas, have some fairly rigid views on this subject. They simply don't want this doubtful privilege extended to members of their sex. If the majority of them did want it they would not need a Bill of Rights to accomplish it. Pressure on their legislators to amend the existing liquor Act would bring results.

Any general law which placed women without qualification on an equal basis with men might, paradoxically enough, deprive them of some legal privileges while giving them in theory complete emancipation. If such a law were proposed women would be faced with their age-old dilemma of making up their minds—what to give up and what to retain in pursuit of their rights.

Laws as they affect women differ with the provinces, but those of Saskatchewan may serve as an example. In that province women can't sit on juries. This at first sight looks like discrimination. But the attorney-general has frequently told the women that if they want jury duty they can have it.

This is a typical point of "equality" on which women must make up their own minds. If they get the right they must accept the responsibility, and jury duty, while necessary and patriotic, is regarded by most men who are liable for it as an inconvenient chore. There is nothing voluntary about it. If a woman were called she would have to serve, or, shades of iron bars, suffer the consequences of the law.

Men, too, might complain that some Canadian laws discriminate against them. In Saskatchewan a wife may sell the house she owns right over her husband's head, as it were, but if the husband feels like taking similar drastic action with his property he must first get his wife's consent.

By law one third of a husband's estate must go to his wife, irrespective of how he feels, but no such legal chains bind the wife. She can leave her fortune to whom she pleases and cut off her husband without a penny. It's the law, and he has no comeback.

All over Canada the Criminal Code makes a man responsible for the support of his wife. If she becomes ill by reason of his non-support he may end up in the hoosegow. But if a callous wife leaves her husband to starve the law just looks the other way.

These legal safeguards for women, even if they do seem to discriminate against men, may be sound, but it is certain if a Bill of Rights gave them unqualified equality with men they would lose some privileges. The question is, simply, would it be worth it?

Some feminists have argued it would be practicable to put some of the more elementary rights of women into a bill. The late Mr. H. G. Wells had some experience with this difficulty. When he produced his Manifesto on the Rights of Man during the early days of the war, women wanted to know where they stood in regard to it. Mr. Wells, a skilful master of words and ideas, was quick on the comeback.

Mr. Wells' Manifesto

He observed that while his Bill of Rights made much use of the masculine pronoun it was really intended to cover any living specimen of *homo sapiens*, male or female, young or old. He regretted the extensive use of the pronoun, suggested that the Aryan languages appeared to be oversexed and pointed out that his declaration of rights gave votes to women on exactly the same terms as men, gave them immunity from assault and restraint, and protected their property. "But," he added significantly, "we have failed to discover any sort of inter-sexual behavior that can be brought within the scope of an elementary declaration."

Few men today doubt that some of the old discriminations against women should go. They are sure that if world productive demands continue nothing can stop the full participation of women in commerce, science and industry. The old question of whether married women should work outside the home is now boiling down to one of personal economics rather than one of bucking male prejudice. Men are realizing that to have women doing the same job they do for less money is more of an economic menace than "equal pay for equal work."

There are indications at home and abroad that this may be the new era for women. From Great Britain comes the word that women in industry will soon get equal pay for equal work and pressure is being put on the British government by the Trades Union Congress to apply this principle to the civil service as a lead to others. Laws are being passed in Canada to make this effective. Only recently the Saskatchewan legislature passed a law which rules out any discrimination on promotion and gives women equal pay for equal work in the civil service. Prophets seem to be safe in predicting that, if the demand for women's work continues, this long-sought right will apply all over the country.

Theoretically, at least, it seems as if women are reaching precisely the same position as men when it comes to getting their demands. Their prestige has grown with the demand for their work. They have the vote and if they can make up their minds what they want they can move parliaments to change the laws or make better ones. But any general Bill of Rights, regulating any "sort of inter-sexual behavior" as Mr. Wells phrased it, may be a long time a-making.

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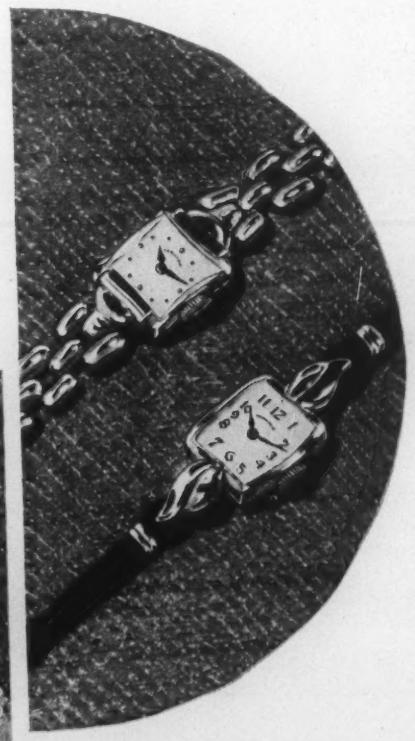

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Uncle Hardy, Bachelor

By FLORIS McLAREN

HAVING his niece Patricia stay with him on her shopping trips to town always gave Hardy Dunn a pleasant feeling of self-importance. For the brief time of her visits he was the image of a wise and worldly bachelor, projected slightly larger than life-size on the screen of her imagination.

Lean in his tweeds, with tanned face and receding hair-line, his appearance could be the protective coloring that merged him with the other civil servants who crossed the green lawns to the Buildings at eight-forty-five in the morning; or it could, seen through Patricia's eyes, mark him a figure of distinction. His apartment too, the converted drawing room and den of a Victorian ginger-bread mansion near the waterfront, became, with Patricia sleeping on the studio couch, Bohemian and intriguing.

In the unadmitted recesses of his mind, he knew that Patricia's mother was never fooled. It was very hard to sell a glamorized picture of yourself to a twin sister. He suspected tolerant amusement in the look she gave his high-ceilinged old rooms with the huge bay window and the top-heavy carved white fireplace; his white rugs and his prints of orange deer and blue horses. But she let Patricia stay with him.

Hardy thought of chaperons when he saw Patricia . . . and of white tulle and moonlight and all the other old-fashioned trappings of young girlhood. Patricia was twenty, with small bones and clear skin that did not tan and blonde hair that hung in a soft roll to her shoulders. She looked tender and fragile and very young, and Hardy always felt a deep longing to shield her not only from harm but from the knowledge of harm.

Hardy enjoyed coming home as he had tonight to find her coat and bright kerchief and packages scattered about the apartment; enjoyed taking her to dinner at the hotel and seeing her grow demure and charming, playing up to the flattery of crystal chandeliers and flowers and white linen; enjoyed sitting through a movie that bored him for the sake of her delight in it, and walking back to the apartment afterward through the warm murmurous streets.

Out of Circle

There was a restless Saturday-night feeling in the air, in the giggling groups they passed and the boys lounging in doorways. A block from his rooms one of the groups of boys and girls suddenly surrounded Patricia with recognition, with cries and exclamations. In the excited chatter, Hardy felt left out. He acknowledged Patricia's confused introductions and then stepped back politely out of the circle of talk. The voices rose, broke against each other, became low and persuading. He heard Patricia refusing something. He felt an uncomfortable eavesdropper and moved a little farther away. "I'll come in just a minute, Uncle Hardy," Patricia called to him softly. He knew she wanted him to walk on to the apartment. He hesitated, then went on reluctantly down the half-block of narrow street to the long shadowed driveway.

Just inside the stone gate he heard a low groaning or snoring in the shrubbery. With his heart beating hard he stopped to investigate. A sailor lay there, his legs sprawled into the drive, his head tilted back and his mouth open. His cap had fallen on the grass beside him. Hardy thought that he had been hurt and then he saw that he was only very drunk. The snores came labored and animal-like.

Hardy was still shaking, but with disgust. He thought of Patricia. She must not be shocked by a sight like this. He went back to the street. He could see her under the street light, still the centre of the group. He moved indecisively. To wait for her . . . but they would still have to pass the sailor. To drag him into the shrubbery . . . Hardy touched him squeamishly and felt his dead weight. He made up his mind quickly and hurrying into his apartment he groped for the light switch and the telephone.

It took a long time to make the city police station understand. They insisted on having his name and address and seemed unable to get it into their heads that he merely wanted the man taken away, or that any matter of time was involved. Hardy's hands were slippery with perspiration as he finally hung up the phone and returned to the front door to look for Patricia.

He had been too late, he realized. She was coming in the door. He had not time to collect himself before she was in the room. She stared at his agitated face, at the telephone not set back in place. "What's the matter?" Then her eyes sharpened. "Uncle Hardy, what were you doing?"

He felt as though he had been caught dressing. He tried to pull his easy and assured manner about him. "It's quite all right. I just rang the police to remove that . . . object from our walk."

She was shocked and angry. "Uncle Hardy, you didn't!" His face felt loose with surprise. Her anger was against him.

"I didn't want you to see him," he stammered. He felt foolish and uncertain.

The Wise Look

The anger went away from her face, but something remained . . . a wise look that made her older, that made her suddenly like her mother.

"Don't you know the police would call the shore patrol and the poor kid would be in real trouble? But it's all right . . . I fixed it."

"What do you mean, fixed it?"

Patricia sat on the arm of the white leather chair and swung a bare leg. The sparkle had come back to her eyes.

"When I ran up the drive I almost fell over him. I went back to the end of our street and waited till four sailors came along, and I whistled and crooked my finger like this," Hardy had not known she could look like that, "and ran back down the street. They followed me," her eyes twinkled, "right into the drive, and then I stopped by the sailor and said 'Look, do something about this before the M.P.'s catch up with him' and they looked sort of silly and picked him up and carried him off. So that was all there was to it."

Hardy could not think of anything to say. He felt elderly. His apartment was stuffy and inconvenient and the rugs and prints were phony. He heard voices outside in the drive.

"That must be the police," Patricia said gently. She was watching him, not maliciously, but with a sort of kindly curiosity, a cool blonde stranger, waiting to see what he would do about it.

• •

HIS Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Lawson will be guests of honor at the 48th Highlanders' Ball, an event of Friday, November 28, at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto. The Ball, always a gala of unusual social and fashion interest, will be attended by many from distant points.

The works of Toronto painters and sculptors will be on display during the afternoons and evenings of December 5 and 6 at Castle Frank, the residence of Lady Kemp. The show has been arranged by the Women's Committee of the Toronto Art Gallery. Prices of the paintings and sculptures on view will be from $25 to $100, and the admission charge of $1.00 will be refunded if a picture is purchased. A raffle prize also will be offered, the winner to receive a portrait sketch by Lilias Torrance Newton.

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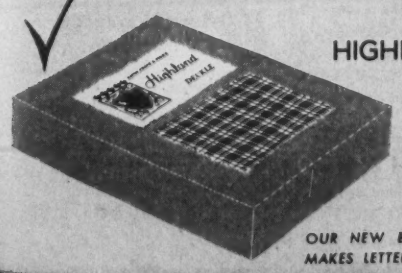

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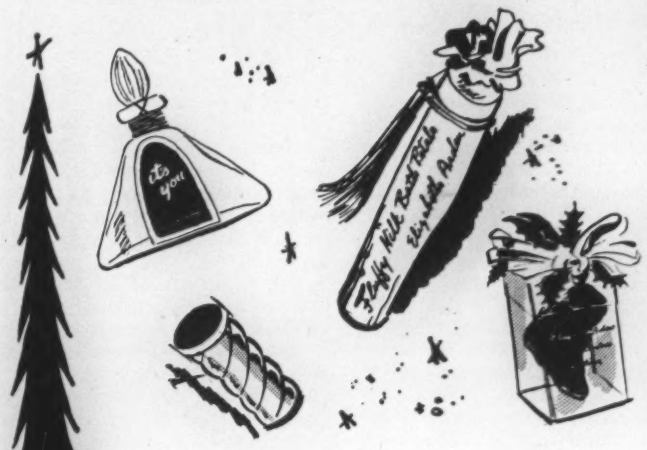

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MUSIC

Hippocrates or Apollo?

By JOHN H. YOCOM

PROBABLY no one in Canada has the career problem that Toronto's young Robert Graham soon must face. Now in his final year Meds at the University of Toronto, he hasn't yet decided whether he will pursue a professional career of music or of medicine.

With Robert Graham music is no mere hobby; he is one of Canada's leading young violinists, good enough to have been soloist with the Toronto Symphony, the Chatauqua Symphony, the Duluth Symphony, the Detroit Symphony and the Toronto Philharmonic. Last week as guest artist at the Pop concert he made his fourth appearance with the T.S.O. Paul Scherman conducted.

Graham's main contribution was the First Movement (Allegro) of Tschaikowsky's popular and a bit hackneyed Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra. The young man showed himself a master of his instrument—a Nicholas Amati, incidentally, dated 1654. His tone, aside from his precision and virtuosity in the rapid passages with which Tschaikowsky has peppered the work, was conspicuous for its roundness, its beauty and its exceptional delicacy. Excepting a little raggedness in the middle and an infrequent tone slip in the solo passage after it the rendition of the sweeping, romantic themes made a rare gem of violin-listening. Scherman led the orchestra in a supporting role that amply contrasted or fortified, whichever was needed, but which did not overplay the soloist until into the high-spirited and jolly conclusion.

For one so young Robert Graham possesses outstanding depth and range of interpretation. As he did when playing the Sibelius Violin Concerto in D last summer, last week in the Tschaikowsky he showed a capacity for artistic expression that is the gift of the few. But it was in the solo group of easy-to-take, sugar-coated, highly romantic bits — the Gluck-Sarasate Melody, "Caprice Viennois," de Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance," "Intermezzo," sympathetically accompanied by competent Leo Barkin, that Graham's delicate phrasing and warm floating tone got real delivery. And topping all his other capacities one showed here that must make the decision to follow Hippocrates or Apollo a real enigma: the ability to take the simplest melody and invest it with the quality of greatness.

The rest of the program, by the way, consisted of orchestral requests, bulking largely in popular items, banalities and dullness.

To correct an inadvertent omission in the identification of Prof. Harry Adaskin of the University of British Columbia on this page last week, we hasten to note that he is head of the university's music department.

Early in the war, tall, ascetic-looking Witold Malcuzynski, last pupil of the late, great Paderewski, escaped from his native Poland to South America. One night Yehudi Menuhin heard him play in Montevideo and arranged for a New York debut. He has since appeared with almost every major symphony in the U.S. Last week Malcuzynski was guest artist at the T.S.O. subscription concert, playing Chopin's Concerto No. 2 in F minor, Op. 21. Two difficulties inherent in the concerto —a heavily ornamented piano part and a thin orchestration—were neatly overcome by pianist and orchestra, with Sir Ernest MacMillan conducting.

Stanislaw Szpinalski, celebrated Polish pianist and one-time pupil of Paderewski, in a Toronto debut recital, Eaton Auditorium, Nov. 24.

Malcuzynski has an astonishing facility in technique and a brilliant intensity of tone. He evidently learned his lessons well from the master. (Says Malcuzynski: "When I was with Paderewski, it always struck me as something magnificent that so great a master should be humble enough to continue elementary practising.") Furthermore, his knowledge of Chopin literature is so profound that he could extract an essence of emotion from the numerous figurations, the succession of rich phrases, and other elements of obvious showiness. Even so, we would more appreciate Malcuzynski in a recital of Chopin compositions than in this concerto. The T.S.O. for its part, except for the occasional horn entrance, gave a fine performance.

Polished Affairs

The orchestra moved on to even higher levels of refinement in the Brahms' First. Perhaps the least effective movement—if one could be singled out—was the first. The introduction was stirring but the build-up to the allegro, while having thematic symmetry and precision, lacked brilliance. Some contrasts did not seem fully exploited. However, the second and third movements were polished affairs and the last was dazzling orchestral work.

Handel's Concerto in G minor for Oboe and Strings was played with the T.S.O. first oboist, Perry Bauman, as the soloist. With all due respect to the way Mr. Bauman and the orchestra did almost everything the score demanded, the piece was quite unexciting. The oboe-strings dialogue in the first movement became nearly a routine. Despite interesting flashes in the last part of the third movement, the themes, counterthemes and developments were compounded dullness.

First concert of the "Wednesday Five O'Clocks" at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto concert hall will be given on Nov. 26 by the Parlow String Quartet. Due to an illness of its cellist, Isaac Mamott,

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that place will be filled by the distinguished Netherlands artist, Cornelius Ysselstyn, who, before coming to Canada a few years ago, was a featured soloist over the Netherlands radio networks. He is now well-known to concert and radio audiences in Canada. The program consists of Beethoven's "Harp" Quartet in E flat and the Quartet in G minor by Debussy.

A series entitled "Museum Music Hour" to be held in the Royal Ontario Museum Theatre on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p.m., was started this week, designed to provide Museum visitors with an enjoyable hour of music.

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TRENDS

The Comforts of Home

By LOUISE STONE

ELLEN took the pins out of her mouth. "Do you think these slip-covers are going to look as nice as the old ones?" she asked Marion.

Marion reached over the arm of her chair to pick some threads off the rug. "They look very much the same," she answered.

"That's what I intended," Ellen said complacently. She stood back to survey her work, then sat down for a few minutes' rest. "I bet you wouldn't guess," she said, glancing around her livingroom, "that this room is an example of artistic perfection?"

"It hadn't occurred to me," Marion admitted.

"You are thinking," Ellen pursued, "that it looks like somebody's attic, or a second-hand furniture store?"

"Well . . . ." Marion temporized.

"I thought so too, particularly after I saw Mrs. Thorpe-Brown's new livingroom. It's contemporary modern. She's replaced all her old furniture with toasted mahogany, set in soft shades of grey, rose and beige. She was greatly intrigued by the scope offered by my livingroom. She wanted to help me to remodel it."

"I suppose Henry objected?"

"Not at all. Henry was most cooperative. 'Go right ahead,' he told me, 'so long as you don't interfere with my desk and the red chair that sags and the gooseneck lamp and that green hassock I put my feet on.'

" 'But, Henry,' I said, 'those old things would spoil everything! We've got to get rid of them! We've got to concentrate on continuity and balance!'

" 'I see your point,' Henry admitted. 'Then your piano will have to go, too. A relic of the Victorian era would hardly fit into a modern livingroom.'

" 'I still play on it,' I reminded him.

" 'And those three paintings you did at school. You may be proud of them, but they're not quite—well suited to the new scheme.'

" 'Those paintings, Henry,' I said, 'are the best things I've done!'

" 'I heartily agree,' Henry replied. 'They have unique qualities that I value highly. But we wouldn't want to ruin the room's balance. We must be able to see our new livingroom as perfect, just as we would see a beautiful woman as perfect whose clothes conformed in every detail with the newest fashions.'

" 'I would see nothing of the kind,' I retorted. 'On the contrary, I'm naturally prejudiced against a woman who places too much importance on appearance. I judge her by her human qualities, her personality combined with her qualities of character.'

" 'Soul?'

" 'You could call it that.'

" 'That puts a new complexion on things,' Henry admitted. 'I must have got off the track somewhere. Where were we, anyway?'

" 'You were arguing me into getting rid of my piano and my paintings,' I reminded him. 'You seemed to think we should have our livingroom done over like Mrs. Thorpe-Brown's. But you won't get me to agree! Much as you would like to remodel this room, Henry,' I said, 'I'm not going to let you. This room reflects you and me! To me, it represents artistic perfection! I wouldn't trade one stick of our furnishings for all the continuity and balance in the world!' "

"That's telling him," Marion observed.

" 'And what's more, Henry,' I said, 'tomorrow I'm going downtown for material for new slip-covers, and I'm going to get it as much like the old pattern as possible!' "

"And what did Henry say to that?" Marion inquired.

"He opened his paper and sat down in the red chair. 'Ellen,' he said, 'push that green hassock over a bit, so I can get my feet up on it.' "

• •

THE UNKNOWN

YOU cannot command love,
Although men try;
Unbidden it enters,
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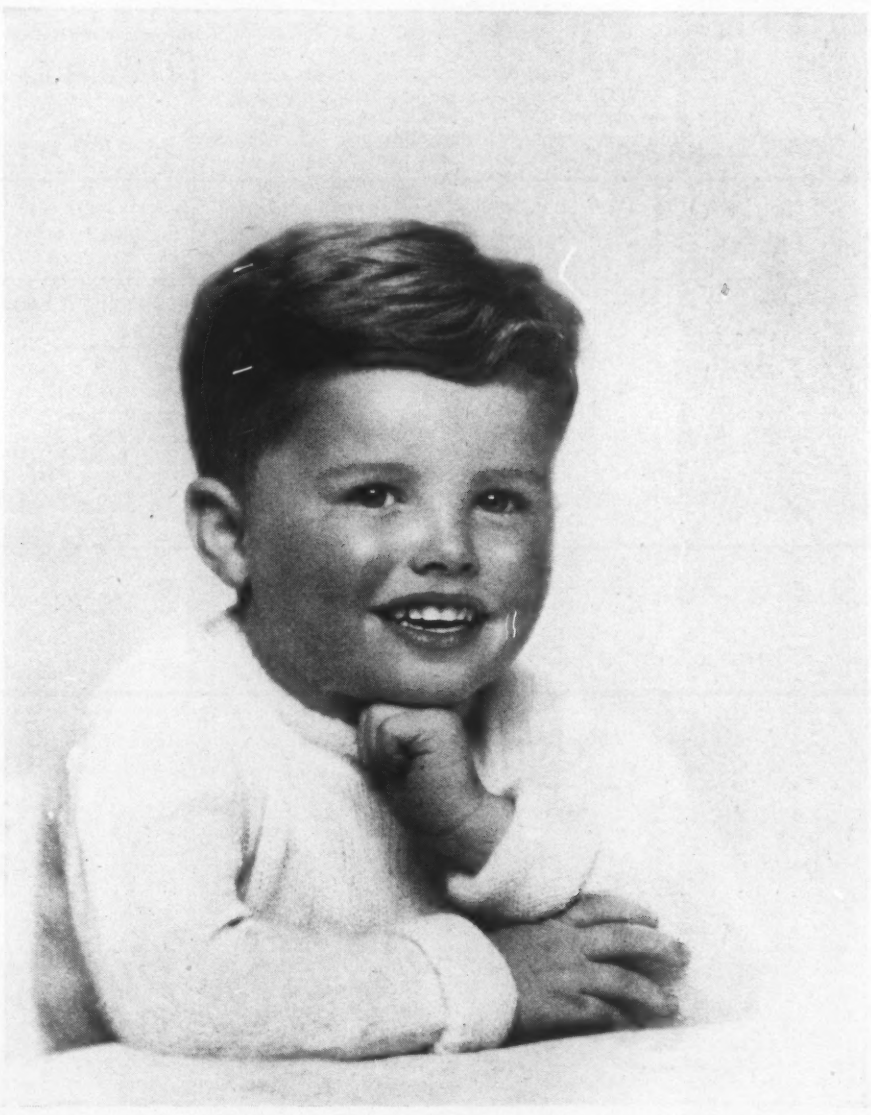
CLARA BERNHARDT



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OTHER PAGE

The Life of Aunt Jane

By ANDREW BELL

I SUPPOSE some would say that Aunt Jane never really had a "life". She was number four in a family of eight, and she never married. All she did was tend a clever, very old matriarch of a mother until the very old lady died, and then settle down to grow old herself. For twenty odd years she grew older and older, though somehow she did not change greatly. Recently, she too, passed away.

That is about how, I imagine, people who went to her chill, melancholy funeral would have thought of the life of Aunt Jane. Yet what is "life" and what is "living"? If it is making a lot of money, or seeing all the world, or having a successful husband and children, perhaps it is right that Aunt Jane had no "life". That would not be my definition. What would matter with me is whether during the short stop on this earth the individual has been true, really true, to that breath of God — the Spirit — within. So much about is imperfectly under your control: the sort of parents you have, the diseases that fix their fangs upon you, the whole *atmosphere* you are born into. But that spirit is yours to do with what you will, and because Aunt Jane was always transparently faithful to her simple, warm soul — spirit, call it what you want — I believe she did have a real life, and in her own measure was fulfilled.

From the cradle itself she was said to be plain. Certainly during the time I knew her she was: a tallish, angular woman, flat-chested, with a big Scotch nose, and a sallow, coarse complexion. In her youth she had been called "Carrot Top" on account of her heavy, reddish mound of hair. Of all the indignities she met it was the only one that seemed to abide. Once, quite recently — her hair had long since faded — jokingly I called out: "Hello, Aunt Carrot Top". Never shall I forget the look she gave me in return, the stinging pain in her incredibly blue eyes—that set, uncomprehending stare of a child who in utter silence has been obliged to endure a grievous wrong.

That was the closest she ever came to complaint about the meagre talents God had allotted her. That is partly why, for me, Aunt Jane was in her own way almost a remarkable person.

Her mother was a sparkling, radiant little lady: everyone lavished affection on her. The father was handsome, easy-mannered, popular. All her sisters were beautiful, all the brothers clever. There was not a great deal of money, but the family was the big frog in the small puddle of a little, late nineteenth century town, and Aunt Jane, like her sisters, had a genteel upbringing, and went to a so-called "nice" finishing school. These seeming advantages only made her slender personal heritage yet more apparent: at eighteen she was still a gangling, inarticulate child, the butt of all manner of jokes and side-glances. And there is no question that in those days she could behave strangely! Once, for example, on the eve of a "refained" gathering that would label her grown up, privately, calmly, she sheared all the icing off the best cake and ate it — alone! The elegant sisters, buzzing with beaux, early concluded what should be her fate. Aunt Jane was the clear choice to remain at home and care for the mother and father in their old age.

And thus it was: the other daughters married, and the sons took up good careers. All went on their way. Aunt Jane was left alone with the aging parents.

ONLY once did she almost sidestep her dreamy, thankless lot. In the nineties — just about the time she was thirty — a man from the same town, a big, loose-framed sort of a fellow, with tousled, coal-black hair and slightly jutted-forward thighs, began to pay her court. He was a gentle creature, devoid of pretension and ill-at-ease in company. Yet in the warmth of his shy admiration the gainless spinster, all at once, seemed to bloom out, and become almost another person. Very quickly the couple knew they loved each other.

At first the family did not take the affair seriously. They could not credit any man having an honest love for the gauche, stumble-tongued Aunt Jane. As his attentions became more fervent, however, there were nasty comments within his hearing about social standing and the like. A sensitive individual of simple background, he endured the taunts as long as he could, then one awful, black night, in a fit of hopeless depression, he threw himself off a railway bridge and was instantly killed.

For months Aunt Jane was inconsolable. Mechanically she would do the tasks expected of her and these done at once withdraw—anywhere—just so long as she might be alone. The woman who later slowly emerged from this unnatural kind of widowhood was the woman I knew. All the passion that had ever been in her was forever gone. Irreverently, perhaps, I used to think of her as in the nature of an animal who had been mercilessly and brutally neutered. For always she was completely domesticated, scarcely eager to cross the street, with no apparent resentment of her lot, nor any wish to change it. Patiently she tended the irascible old mother who lived on and on.

PEOPLE of her own age had little appeal for her. With them she was ill-at-ease and distrait. Only with children did she burst into real life and appear carefree and happy. The affection was returned. Quite genuinely we liked to make Aunt Jane a partner in our games. Sometimes, even, we could cheat so she would win. The innccent triumph on that ugly, kind face was really more rewarding, more fun, than a personal win. Seemingly unsuspecting, she would roughly hug one or more of us to her and chortling, exclaim: "So you can't beat your old Aunt Jane, eh! Well, I'd be ashamed if I were you." Saying nothing, we would just

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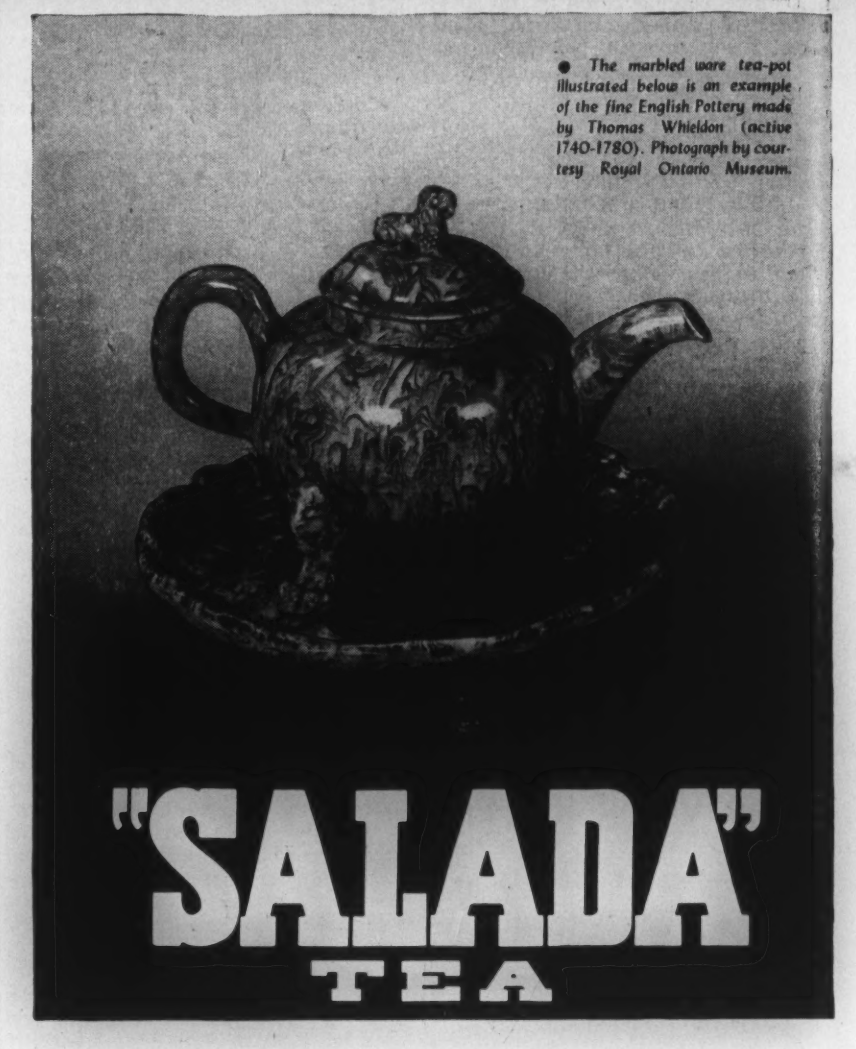

● The marbled ware tea-pot illustrated below is an example of the fine English Pottery made by Thomas Whieldon (active 1740-1780). Photograph by courtesy Royal Ontario Museum.

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Lady Josephine

Start a Dresser Set in Birks Sterling

Birthdays . . . Christmas . . . and other important gift occasions, provide an opportunity to start a dresser set by the gift of a single piece, such as a hair brush and comb, a mirror or, perhaps, a powder jar, nail file or manicure scissors.

Birks offers a wide choice of lovely designs.

Prices for Lady Josephine

Mirror	24.00
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CAMEO Stationery

GOWNS by Lawrence Sperber MONTREAL
CANADA'S FOREMOST FASHION DESIGNER

grin happily up at her. Then invariably, the excitement at its pitch, some superior adult, very stern, would call out: "Can't you leave poor Aunt Jane in peace for a while?" The small, gay light inside her — you could almost hear it — would snap off, and soon, mumbling an inaudible excuse, she would depart.

WE WERE almost grown-up when the old matriarch, in her nineties decided she would die. One sultry evening Aunt Jane, a strange importance in her voice, summoned us to the bedside. So vivid is my impression that the event might have occurred yesterday, though at the time the affair seemed shadowy and unreal. Very quietly we filed into the warm room to say our adieus to the dying lady. The air was sweet with the scent of summer flowers coming through the open windows, and the old woman looked exactly as she had for many years, her snow-white hair whiter even than the bank of clean pillows beneath her head. Aunt Jane sat at the side of the bed, her thin legs wide apart.

Dragging out the same thoughts in different ways, we each said how we hoped our grandmother would soon feel better. Very formally, each in turn, we were told that we were good children, and that she loved us all. Then, as the last of us left, I heard her snap out: "Jane, keep your legs together. What will people think?" There was no sound of an answer.

The death of the old matriach did not, on the surface at any rate, greatly move Aunt Jane. Neither did she seem much saddened by the event, nor elated that at long last she might live rather more as she wished. She had the fat, sand-gray braid cut off from her head, and with a little money she had saved, took an even less well-off maiden lady on a trip to Florida. All the time she was gone there were hotel postcards marking with a neat "x" the precise room in which she had slept. Then, for her remaining years, she lived with us.

It was hard to know to what degree during this period Aunt Jane was truly content. All of us were busy, and while we attempted as best we could to include her in our activities, much of her time was spent alone. Certainly she never complained nor seemed to begrudge us our richer lives. Day after day she would sit in the warm sun of a window not doing much, just looking out like a very thin, old, marmalade cat seemingly quite resigned to her lot. Then, in the evening, rather apologetically, and prefacing the inquiry with: "It's not just curiosity; I am really interested", we would be asked for a report on our day's doings. So gentle she was, so guileless, that never did we resent her questions, and always we were glad to tell her what we had done. This seemed her greatest pleasure, this and giving totally impractical gifts.

DEATH can scarcely ever be pleasant. Still even death wears different faces, some so much more inhuman and cruel than others. And for Aunt Jane — whose flesh had been such a sad mockery all her life — the mode of her dying was very brutal indeed. At first it was only a series of small pin-pricks, rheumatism, a diabetic tendency, a slight impairment in hearing. Then, all at once, she began to shrink away before our eyes. Yet so unaware was she of any change, that only the strongest persuasion made her agree to go into hospital for examination.

Not many days after we knew the verdict. It was cancer — hopeless cancer all through her. Nothing could be done. Powerless, we would have to wait, perhaps weeks, perhaps months, watching her slowly, painfully die. Aunt Jane, it was decided, would be told nothing.

The return from the hospital was quite an event for her. Back she came, almost gay, though her skin was ashen, and she was trembling. Happily, after dinner, she gave us an account of her stay. Not often could she bring news to the family, and joyously she spun out the tale — every detail — of her experience. That was a nice hospital! The doctors and nurses had been charming, so friendly and gentle. The quiet bustle and drama of the place quite fascinated her. Proudly she trumpeted out: "There is nothing wrong with me at all. I was only told to rest more." That she twisted into a rueful sort of joke. "I know what you young scamps are thinking. Your poor old Aunt Jane couldn't rest more if she did nothing else." In all this we feigned great interest, and so infectious was her child-like aura of triumph, that at its close I almost felt her story was the reality, and the medical report no more than an ugly dream.

For the next few weeks she did not much alter. She just sat as usual at her window, knitting, playing patience, or more often simply following, with meticulous care, the mundane goings-on outside. Then one gray morning — for the first time — she did not come downstairs. During the previous night there had been great pain — "flatulence", she supposed. Sympathizing with her she agreed that perhaps it would be wise to spend the day in bed. Never again did she leave her room.

ONLY slowly did the end come, though she never said so, we knew she was, nearly always, in suffering. For long weeks there was a dismal procession of doctors, nurses, injections of morphia. Late one afternoon I went to her bedside. The pain streaks on her face were twisted and contorted by its hollows, and it was clear only the thinnest thread still held her to life. We chatted a while, then, just as I was about to leave, she said in a matter of fact sort of tone: "I'm dying, you know." Very vigorously I told her she was quite wrong. Never shall I forget her smiling answer. "That is the first lie you have told me since"—and she paused a little—"you used to cheat to let me win those games." Next morning, during a moment when the nurse was out of her room, quite alone she slipped away.

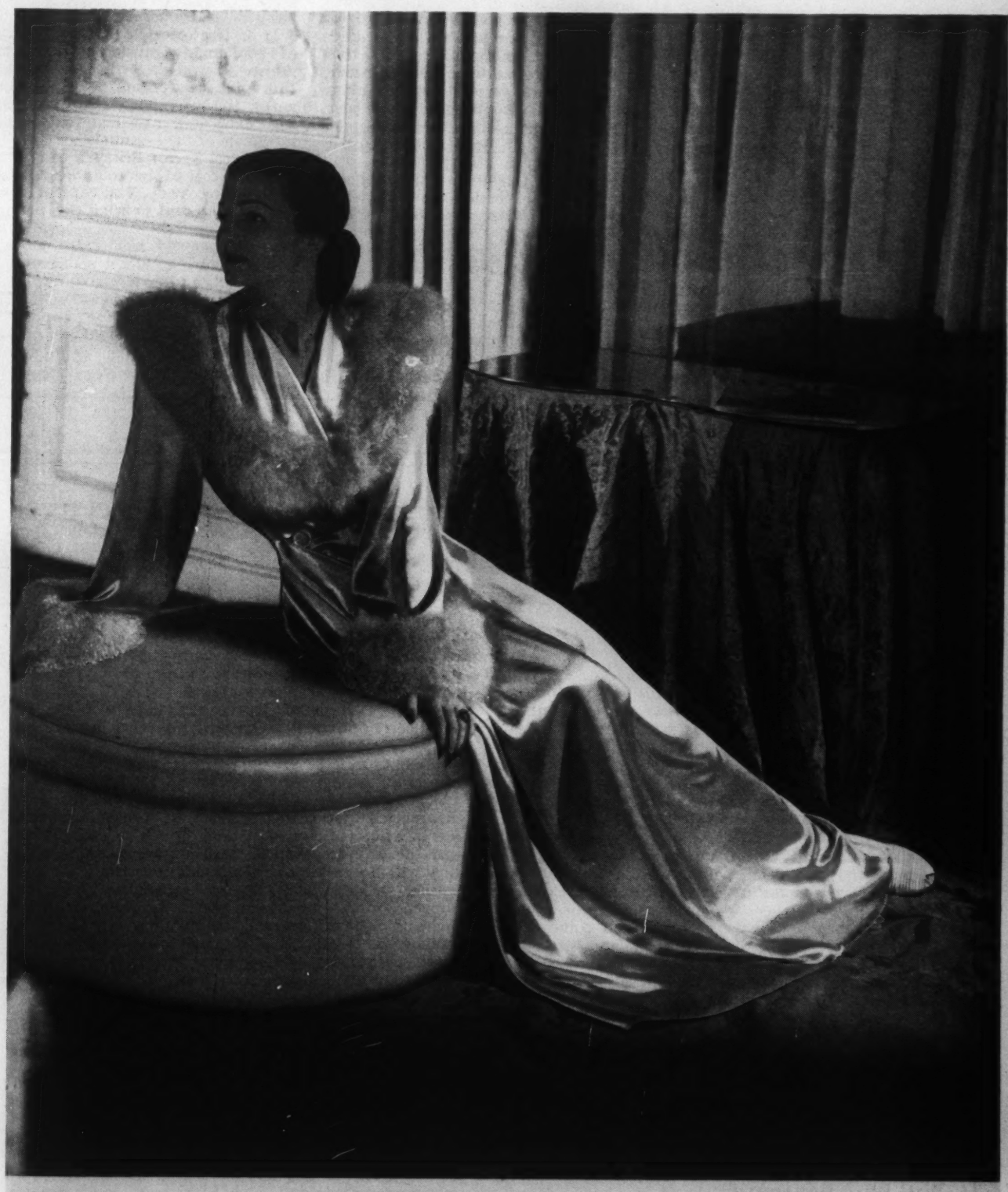
The sun was pouring down on her as hurriedly we came to her bedside. Aunt Jane was gone, gone to her reward, but behind there was the fragrant memory of a lady whose fidelity to her simple spirit would surely gain her a joyous crown in the heavenly kingdoms.

• •

SONG FOR NOVEMBER

NOW is come the time of rain,
And fallen leaves, that once again
Commend themselves to memory of things past;
It could not last,
That brief emblazoned beauty of farewell,
And soon, so soon, the spell
Fades from our vision; yet
The leaves will not allow us to forget,
But, passion of parting spent,
Bind Memory over with scent
To discount their unreturning:
Sweet leaves wet with rain,
Pungently dried in the sun,
Acridly burning.

JANET MAIN



Garland her with Marabou this Christmas

She'll purr with delight at the sight of a marabou-fluffed rayon satin housecoat. Typical of the flattering and lovely lounging apparel in the imported Christmas collection at EATON'S

Machinery Not Fuel Is Britain's Real Need

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Few people realize, says Mr. Marston, that Britain's economic crisis last winter and early spring was caused not so much by lack of fuel but by a breakdown of machinery. Certainly the scene could be transformed by a large increase in coal production—to be sent abroad in exchange for food and raw materials — but huge capital expenditure is necessary to bring the national economy to a modern level of efficiency. Worn machinery, especially railroad and electrical equipment, cannot meet the increasing strain of present demands.

Industry must have more capital even if it means greater austerity for some years to come as otherwise production must decline.

London.

LATE last winter and early in the ensuing spring British industry suffered one of the most disastrous setbacks in memory. Over wide areas and for extensive periods electric power was cut off; coal deliveries to the factories were insufficient and uncertain; raw materials were piled up in one place and unavailable in another. For a consecutive period of several weeks the industrial economy virtually broke down.

With another winter now beginning, it is natural that there should be some anxious searching for signs of an impending repetition of this catastrophe. The effects of "last time" are with us still, notably in the addition of £200 million to the adverse balance of trade due to exports lost. Another such experience would finish the hopes of recovery which this country has cherished but never quite achieved since the end of the war.

It is a platitude that coal is the lifeblood of Britain's economy. It is well known that the deficiency of coal was the immediate reason for last winter's breakdown. Therefore, efforts have been made to build up a stock during the favorable weather wherewith to meet the extra demands of the winter.

The original production target for 1947 has had to be amended, as output has been disappointing, but nevertheless the stock figure has been reached and exceeded in a style which is unusual in these times of short-fall. The objective was 15 million tons by the beginning of November, and this total was exceeded by more than a million tons.

This result seems to bear out the confidence of the authorities indicated in their earlier announcement that industry would receive in the coming winter 23 per cent more coal than in fact it consumed last winter. If in the event there is not enough coal to fulfil this pledge it will be the domestic hearth, not the factory furnace, which goes short.

On this reckoning there seems to be no serious danger of another breakdown, particularly since stocks at the electricity and gas works are much higher than a year ago. But the mere quantity of coal is not by any means the whole of the story.

So much was said about coal last winter that it was not generally realized, even at home, that the crisis was caused fundamentally by a breakdown of machinery rather than by a shortage of fuel. Coal—hundreds of thousands of tons of it—was lying motionless and useless because the railways were incapable of moving it. And the electrical generating stations were still shedding load after normal deliveries of coal had been resumed.

Not the Only Problem

It is true enough that an upsurge of coal could transform the British scene. It would, for instance, enable this precious fuel to be loaded into ships and sent abroad for exchange into food and raw materials and a modicum of "inessentials".

But coal is not Britain's only problem, and coal alone would be no guarantee of recovery. Vast capital expenditure is needed to bring the national economy up to a modern level of efficiency—a level, admittedly, to which some countries do not seem even to aspire, while very few have reached it.

Transport and power are the most insistent claimants for capital re-equipment, because so many industries depend on them. The railway

(Continued on Next Page

Hawaii to Become 49th State?

Whether the territory of Hawaii will become the 49th State of the U.S. will be decided by the Hawaiian Statehood Bill, now awaiting action by Congress. This movement began in 1854 when the enlightened King Kamehameha 111, after repeated trouble with foreigners, proposed annexation by the U.S. but died before action was taken. Hawaii became a republic in 1894, was annexed by U.S. by voluntary agreement in 1898, and given status of an incorporated territory in 1900. A 1940 plebiscite resulted in a 2-1 vote of Hawaiians in favor of statehood.. Top picture shows Honolulu tuna-canning factory; below, a sugar-cane field. Sugar plantations employ 25,000 workers; production from 220,000 acres is 1,000,000 tons yearly. Pineapple output of 20,000,000 cases annually forms 90 per cent of world supply. Plantation workers are world's best paid on year-round basis. Lower picture shows sewing-class at a Honolulu school.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Our Part in European Recovery

By P. M. RICHARDS

CANADA seems certain to have an important share in the United States' European Recovery Program (which is now the official designation for the Marshall Plan). On behalf of the U.S., this country will supply Europe with a considerable volume of natural and manufactured products, and will be paid for them in U.S. dollars — dollars which we need urgently to apply on our own very serious trade deficit with the U.S., and without which our new restrictions on U.S. imports would have to be much more stringent. In addition to these shipments for the U.S., we shall make our own contribution under the plan, on conditions not yet determined, or not announced.

While the whole undertaking still has to be approved by Congress, there appears to be little ground for doubt that it will be; political leaders of both parties are agreed on the urgency of the need. Congress will probably act speedily. But one imagines that a monkey-wrench in the works could still come in the form of Communist rioting in Italy and France. If civil war appeared to be in prospect, Congress might reasonably decide on "hands off Europe" for the present at least. This is perhaps just what the promoters of the riots have in mind.

Assuming that the aid program goes through, one of the chief beneficiaries should be Britain. A point not yet generally appreciated is that the recovery program and its expenditures will complement and support the British economy just when such support is most needed. This fact is of great importance to Canada.

Will Be Inflationary

While the U.S. dollars which will come to Canada under the program will do much to help us out of a bad hole (our lack of means of payment for essential imports from the U.S., many of which are parts for otherwise all-Canadian manufactures or items of manufacturing equipment that are not produced here), those dollars will not be an unmixed blessing for us. We might as well face the fact that they will increase the upward pressure on our price level. Basically, this arises from the fact that our incomes will be increased by the wages expended to produce the goods while the goods themselves will go abroad and so will not absorb this additional purchasing power.

This is, of course, no more than an extension of a process in effect ever since we began the manufacture of munitions of war in 1939. But our price structure is much more vulnerable now. We are going to be given more money and more jobs just when the plenitude of both is already giving us headaches. If we didn't need U.S. dollars so much, it would be economically healthier for us to be paid for these recovery exports to Europe in imports from the countries concerned—even perhaps, if we had to wait a while for them.

Some Americans are fretting about the inflationary effects of the recovery program on Europe itself. The argument is that it will put billions of dollars worth of American goods in the hands of European governments who will then sell those goods to their people and thereby accumulate huge stocks of cash which they will be unable to refrain from spending on vote-getting projects such as food subsidies. This could happen, but at present it seems unlikely since one point on which Congressional opinion appears to be unanimous is that the U.S. must reserve the right to specify how the governments receiving the goods shall spend the money they bring in.

Problem of Supervision

To a State Department warning about the unwisdom of U.S. interference in European internal affairs, a Democratic senator is reported to have replied: "Let them eat sovereignty then, instead of our dollars, if that's the way they feel about it." But how will the U.S enforce a right to sit in judgment on expenditures, once it has parted with its goods? One answer is that the U.S. might take actual ownership of all money received, and turn it over to local governments on approved projects only. But this might be too much interference with local sovereignty, and U.S. disapproval of local projects would be certain to create ill-will which would make ammunition for Russia.

Canada is closely concerned, of course, with all this, for on the development of the European Recovery Program depend, first, whether we shall get U.S. dollars from this source and, second, the economic health of Western Europe, both of which will significantly affect our own trade future. To do our part in that program we shall have to increase our production and decrease consumption, as indicated from Ottawa this week. We are even to have a touch of "austerity". But implementation of the recovery program will make that touch lighter than it would otherwise have been.

(*Continued from page* 34)

system has been severely tried by the war, which imposed tremendous strains upon it while neither the materials nor the labor were available for normal maintenance.

Electro-power plant has had to be similarly neglected, and it, too, has been called upon to bear—particularly last winter—a much heavier load than ever before. Machinery of which a large proportion needs replacing simply cannot meet the calls which reviving industry makes upon it.

What has been done, and is planned, to avoid another breakdown on the capital side? Unfortunately, not enough. Accidents on the railways, a grim reminder to the public from time to time that all is not well, are increasing. The scarcity of wagons is already such that the expanding output of the iron and steel industries is causing congestion at the works rather than accelerated activity in the consuming industries. Wages and conditions of work are no attraction to the men needed to bring the systems up to full labor-strength, especially on the footplate.

The cut in national capital expenditure does include the less-essential work on the railways—though little enough, in all conscience, has been done on essentials in the few months of breathing-space when a concerted effort might have prepared a sound basis for another troubled winter.

In electricity the plans are healthier, for they do envisage a steady expansion to meet the current demand. But these plans are necessarily spread over a considerable period, and for the next year or two at least the demand for current will exceed the stations' capacity to generate it.

It is coming to be realized that resumption of peaceful living, in a country so closely involved as Britain was in war, is not only a matter of demobilizing the armed forces (which has been only partially done, anyway) and converting the factories from war-products to peace-products. There is a great deal of lost ground to be made up, the result of enforced neglect of assets as well as physical destruction of assets in the war.

For years the standard of living must be adapted to the need for more capital. It is arguable that still more austerity to make this capital available would be preferable to more, and worse, industrial breakdowns.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Shaft Deepening at San Antonio Will Provide Ten New Levels

By JOHN M. GRANT

BY THE middle of 1948, San Antonio Gold Mines — Manitoba's outstanding gold producer—expects to be ready for a depth program on a block of 10 new levels. The large No. 4 internal shaft is now being deepened from the 2,400-foot horizon (16th) to a depth of 4,000 feet. It is proposed to first carry out exploration on the deepest of the new levels, 1,500 feet below the present bottom horizon, and as diamond drilling, which reached a depth of 3,500 feet, showed no change in conditions there, the outlook for the downward continuation of the important ore structures appears highly promising. Adding to the confidence of the management in the depth possibilities of the mine is the major way in which the 16th level has opened up. Development of the horizons immediately above is also impressive, with the 15th perhaps a little better. Several orebodies have combined lengths of well over 2,000 feet, across width running up to 60 feet, on the bottom level and the grade is above mine average. Two new orebodies have been located in the development advance to the east to the boundary with the controlled Forty-Four Mines. The big ore producer on the lower levels is the No. 50 vein and on the 16th floor has a length of 750 feet of continuous ore. The centre section is the widest and also the highest in grade. The upward extension of this orebody was picked up recently on the 11th level, but its length here is not expected to compare with the deeper floors.

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Due to the continued serious manpower shortage, San Antonio recently has been treating only around 350 tons daily, while mill capacity is 550 tons. To get back to capacity the mine needs another 100 men. Operating costs are higher at the present time, running around $7 per ton, of which about $2 is shaft sinking costs. In pre-war times costs used to be about $4.50 per ton, so it is apparent that when allowance is made for shaft sinking and development costs are not out of line. For the first nine months of the current year production amounted to $1,214,586 from 109,982 tons of ore milled for an average recovery of $11.05 a ton. Operating profit for the period totalled $515,146. Average recovery this year has been $11.05 against $10.61 for the whole of 1946, although a higher price was secured for gold in the first half of last year. As the present shortage of labor has drastically reduced development ore reserves can again be expected to decline this year. At the beginning of 1947 reserves were calculated at 720,000 tons, equivalent to 5½ years' supply at the recent scale of operations. While the ore supply is satisfactory the management, nevertheless, is desirous of expanding the rate of development to ascertain if the mine can handle a greater tonnage.

•

A number of outside properties are held by San Antonio Gold Mines. It controls the Forty-Four Mines (18 claims and 10 fractions) adjoining to the east. A length of about 3,000 feet of favorable ground on this property awaits investigation. An interesting project, controlled by San Antonio, is Jeep Gold Mines, situated 10 miles north east of the parent mine. A shaft has been put down 200 feet here and initial development at that depth has disclosed some exceptionally rich ore. The first shoot exposed in the drifting shows a length of approximately 80 feet and grades better than three ounces across a width of 1.6 feet. These results are even better than the surface sampling. The large group of 99 claims at Island Lake in northern Manitoba is being retained, but the company plans no immediate exploration or development program. Two prospecting parties were put in the field during the past season. San Antonio was incorporated in 1931, commenced milling the following year and initiated dividend payments in 1934. To date production exceeds $20,500,000 and more than $5,500,000 has been distributed in dividends.

•

An operating profit of $26,257, before depreciation, is reported by Canadian Malartic Gold Mines for the quarter ending September 30, a decline of $20,272 from the preceding three months. The reduction in profits was mainly due to the loss of income resulting from milling being suspended for several days to permit necessary repairs to the mine headframe. As previously pointed out in this column it has been decided to increase the mill equipment to treat 1,200 tons daily. The necessary plant has been ordered and

(*Continued on page* 40)

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G28

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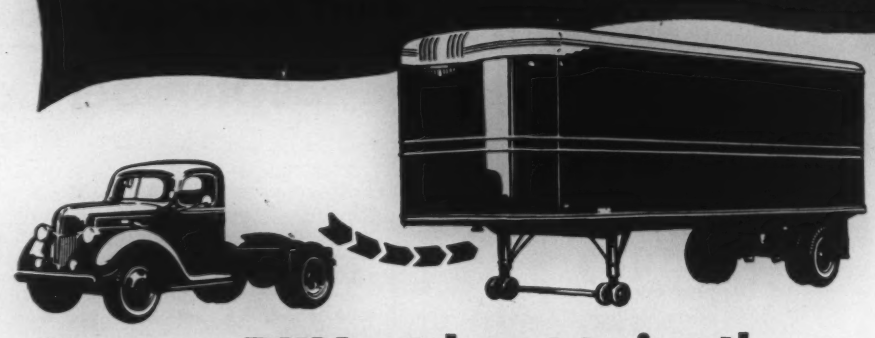

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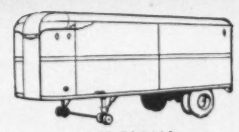
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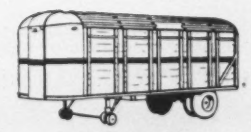
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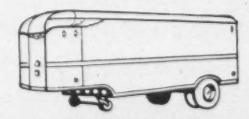
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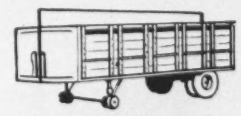
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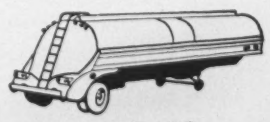
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After payment of interest on Bank loans and writing off $90,822.61 for Depreciation, providing ample reserves for doubtful accounts, and setting aside $494,440.84 for Income and Excess Profits Taxes, the net profit for the year amounted to $746,043.11 compared with $622,386.39 for the previous year.

Balance—Profit and Loss and Surplus Account as at 31st August, 1946			$3,765,610.64
ADD: Income and Excess Profits Taxes, adjustments prior years			404,073.84
			$4,169,684.48
ADD: Net Operating Profit for the year ended 31st August, 1947		$1,402,524.53	
LESS: Interest	$ 42,913.73		
Depreciation	90,822.61		
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	494,440.84		
Directors' Fees	7,789.75		
Executive Salaries	70,084.73		
Legal Fees	259.76		
		706,311.42	
		$ 696,213.11	
Dividends from Investment in the Controlled Company	$ 47,988.00		
Income from Investments	1,842.00		
		49,830.00	
			746,043.11
			$4,915,727.59
DEDUCT: Dividend on Cumulative Preferred Stock		105,000.00	
Dividend on Common Stock		236,302.40	
			341,302.40
BALANCE—At 31st August, 1947, per Consolidated Balance Sheet			$4,574,425.00

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

E. V. S., Portage la Prairie, Man.—The larger volume of business that BRITISH AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD., is enjoying as the result of the increased demand for petroleum products is being reflected in its earnings, states W. K. Whiteford, president. Thus for the eight months ended Aug. 31, 1947, earnings from Canadian operations, after provision for income taxes, are estimated at approximately $3,225,000 or the equivalent of $1.16 per share common as compared with a net of $3,319,572 or $1.20 per share for the full year ended Dec. 31, 1946, which was the best reported since 1939. In addition the 1946 net profit of the United States subsidiaries was equivalent to 56 cents per share on the parent company's common stock, making a total of $1.86 per share for the combined Canadian-American operations. For the first eight months of 1947, the earnings of the American subsidiary companies showed an appreciable increase over the corresponding period of last year. To meet the increased demand for its products, the company is undertaking the largest expansion program in its history and the enlargement of refining capacity is already under way.

L.H.C., Pembroke, Ont.—It will be necessary for MARBENOR MALARTIC MINES to secure additional funds before shaft sinking can be undertaken. The company at the end of June had current assets of $17,068 and current liabilities of $710. At the recent annual meeting it was decided to have the directors consult with a committee of shareholders before committing the company to any agreement for the balance of the unissued stock. Shaft sinking has been recommended by Dr. E. A. Goranson, consulting geologist, but in the meantime diamond drilling has commenced on three holes to explore three areas not previously tested, one of which may be the source of the large chunk of float containing high gold values found several years ago. Less than half the property has been explored by diamond drilling, which work indicated three parallel shoots. The first was 500 feet in length, 3.6 feet wide, with a cut average of 0.53 oz., the second, 100 feet south, 400 feet long, 4.0 feet wide with a grade of 0.227 oz., and the third, about 100 feet south again, 400 feet long, 10.8 feet wide and a grade of 0.364 oz.

R.L.F., Huntingdon, Que.—Sales of REITMAN'S (CANADA) LTD. for the nine months ended Sept. 30, 1947, recorded an increase of 40 per cent over the similar period of 1946, and net profits amounted to $86,000. Such earnings covered dividend requirements on the 5 per cent preferred stock, $20 par, five times and were equal to $1.15 per share on the common. In 1946 common earned 97 cents a share. This fall an additional store was opened in Hull, Que., and another unit in Kingston, Ont., will open for business on Dec. 1, bringing the total number of stores in operation to 26.

W.L.C., Yorkton, Sask.—Yes, the financial position of ELDER MINES LTD. is a favorable one. The mine is operating at a substantial profit and the company's treasury is steadily improving. There is already an excess of $150,000 in cash and over 300,000 shares still remain unissued. Until recently options on the treasury shares were held by local interests, who paid into the company $65,000 for 65,000 shares of stock at $1 per share. The balance of the options were at $1 and $1.15, but due to the unfavorable market conditions existing at the present time, the

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

September Lows Under Test

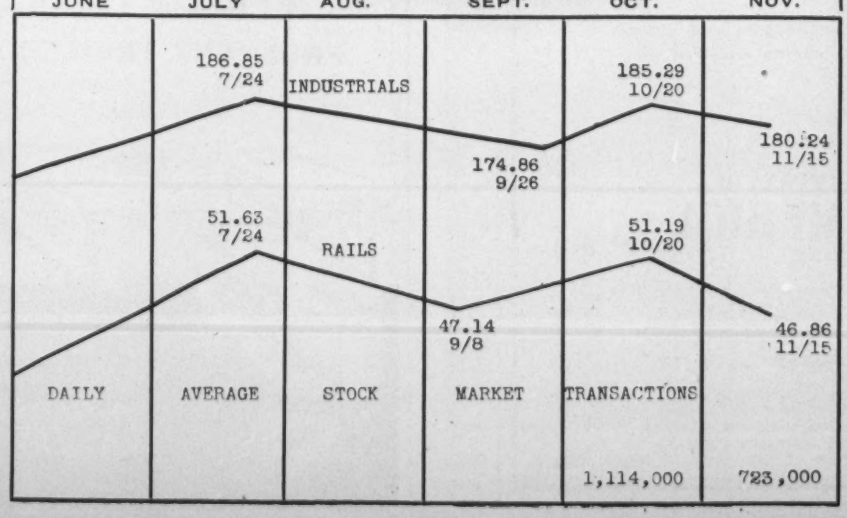
BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM N.Y. STOCK MARKET TREND (which dominates Canadian prices): While the decline of the last half of last year went some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental turnabout has yet been reached. The N.Y. market, irregularly upward since May, having recently experienced difficulty in moving above the July peaks, is now testing the late September support points, decisive penetration of which by both averages would confirm the intermediate trend as downward.

Since the October peak of 51.19 and 185.29 on the rail and industrial averages, prices have been in a slow but persistent decline, with the rail average now fractionally under its trading range of the past four months, the industrial average about midway in its range of the same period. While it is yet too early to say that another test of the October peaks will not be attempted, the market's action, in the face of the very favorable earnings and dividend news of recent weeks, cannot be read as a favorable omen for those bullishly inclined.

Meanwhile, as concerns our last week's discussion regarding the earnings picture, we quote a recent excerpt from the Financial Times (London) as to current American pessimism over good earnings: "American industry now has a very high 'break-even' point below which profits could disappear. For instance, the steel industry's 'pay point' is now estimated at around 80 per cent; ten years ago it was nearer 50 per cent. This is because wages and raw materials are up much more than selling prices for industrial products. Currently, industry is making high profits because it is running as close to capacity (in an unprecedentedly prolonged sellers' market) as the available manpower, materials and machinery will allow. **But these high earnings could quickly sink, in case of even a mild 'recession', into red ink as deep as formerly appeared during real depression.**"

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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MONETA PORCUPINE
MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 25

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one cent per share has been declared by the Directors of Moneta Porcupine Mines, Limited (No Personal Liability) payable in Canadian funds on December 15th, 1947, to Shareholders of record November 25th, 1947.

By order of the Board.
H. B. CLEARIHUE,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Toronto, Ontario,
November 13th, 1947.

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financing interests decided not to exercise these. Elder Mines is now in a position to ship between 9,000 and 10,000 tons of ore per month to the Noranda smelter, J. C. Elder, president states, and points out that when the shipments reach this figure, a very substantial profit over and above the present figures, should be realized. September shipments to the Noranda smelter were 7,138.7 dry tons, but ore treated by the smelter totalled 6,696.6 dry tons which resulted in a net production of $32,769. During the period, broken ore reserves were increased by approximately 1,850 tons. All necessary construction for present requirements has been completed, and the second compressor has been in operation for some time.

D. N. R., Montreal, Que. — KIMBERLY-CLARK CORP had net sales in the year 1946 of $66,376,574, an increase of 16.7 per cent over the previous year. Consolidated net income, after all charges and after deducting regular dividends to preferred stockholders, amounted to $3,776,615, or $3.15 per share on 1,999,520 shares of common stock outstanding at the year-end. For the year 1945 earnings on the 599,760 shares then outstanding amounted to $3.31 per share. This was before the 2-for-1 split of common stock made in August, 1946. Therefore, the equivalent earnings in 1945 on 1,199,520 shares would be $1.65 per share. Net working capital at Dec. 31, 1946, amounted to $16,936,948, as compared with $16,776,684 at Dec. 31, 1945, an increase of $160,264. Inventories at the end of 1946 aggregated $11,753,135, an increase of $2,737,513 over the previous year. This substantial increase reflects the requirement of company's increasing production and also the higher cost of materials and supplies. Practically all inventories represent only a 12 weeks' supply. Current liabilities of $7,286,310 represent the usual current items due and payable within one year.

H.M.L., Oshawa, Ont.—An operating profit is now being made by CONSOLIDATED BEATTIE MINES. I understand that in July revenue met operating costs for the first time since milling resumed in 1946 following a shutdown of several years due to a disastrous and expensive cave-in. Output in July was valued at over $94,000, while the following month it was $110,000. Value of output continued to climb and in September was approximately $117,000 and last month production is estimated to have a value of $145,000. It is anticipated the present output can be maintained. Close to 900 tons daily are being milled and given more manpower the tonnage could be increased materially, I believe. Of the tonnage treated 600 tons are coming from the Donchester workings and 300 tons from the "A" orebody. Surface drilling is reported finding new ore in the Beattie North "A" zone. A number of surface drill holes have indicated a length of new ore in which the average grade appears to be in the neighborhood of 0.18 oz. to 0.20 oz. gold per ton, which is profitable ore at Beattie. One hole late last month returned an intersection of 0.18 oz. gold across a width of 14.5 feet.

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ESTABLISHED 1817

NOTICE is hereby given that an extra distribution of TWENTY CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the year ended 31st October, 1947, payable on and after FRIDAY, the SECOND day of JANUARY, 1948, to shareholders of record at close of business on 29th NOVEMBER, 1947.

By order of the Board,
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.
Montreal, 12th November, 1947.

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question. An Investment Formula provides a definite plan for the second.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

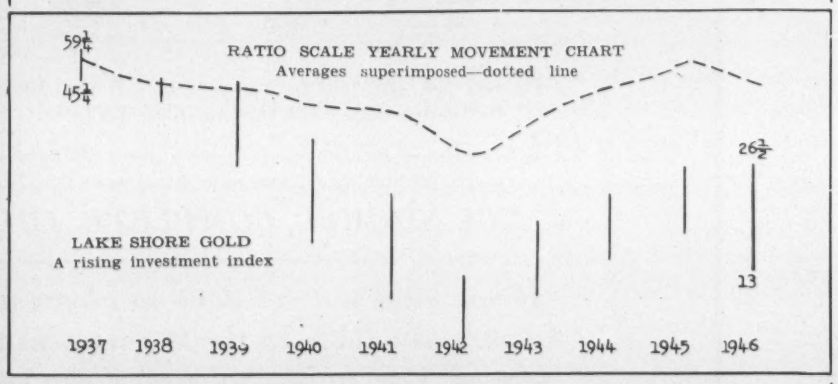
1. FAVORABLE
2. AVERAGE or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated as Favorable has considerably more attraction than one with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks rated Favorable, with due regard to timing because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

LAKE SHORE MINES LIMITED

PRICE 31 Oct. 47	$14.87		Averages	Lake Shore	
YIELD	4.9%	Last 1 month	Down 2.1%	Down	.8%
GROUP	"B"	Last 12 months	Up 12.9%	Up	6.2%
INVESTMENT INDEX	102	1942-46 range	Up 193.6%	Up	314.0%
RATING	Average	1946-47 range	Down 37.9%	Down	48.0%



SUMMARY: On two occasions within the past 12 months we have mentioned that the long term trend in Lake Shore was still down and consequently, we have not been attracted to the shares of this company. As a matter of fact, relative velocity figures as far back as 1938-1939 gave very clear indications of a not very profitable future despite glowing write-ups that were then appearing as a result of—was it not a $5.00 annual dividend at that time?

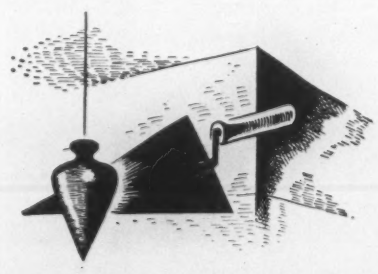
However some months ago a comparison of the relative movements of Hollinger and Lake Shore showed a most remarkable similarity in gains and losses.

More recently a rather significant uptrend in the investment index has been noted. It has risen from 82 last December to the current 102. Readers are not expected to place implicit faith in the investment index, but on the other hand, they should not ignore this factual representation of investor confidence. In view of this development we believe it would be reasonable to expect Lake Shore to do as well as the average gold stock in the event of a general advance in the gold averages. Lake Shore is therefore now given an Average rating.

Cornerstones
for communities

Schools, hospitals, playgrounds, parks, roads, sidewalks, waterworks — all these must have a beginning. Usually they are born as proposals at Council meetings, going finally before the people for approval. But even before the first sod is turned and the first stone laid there must be funds.

As underwriters and distributors of securities for municipal projects such as these, we have enjoyed sharing in the development and progress of our country.



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ABOUT INSURANCE

Spread of Insurance Protection Requires Services of Agents

By GEORGE GILBERT

Experience over a lengthy period has made it abundantly clear that very few people buy life insurance except upon the solicitation of an agent, and that efforts to sell life insurance over the counter or through the mails have either failed or have only met with limited success.

Without the services of agents, life insurance on the savings bank or any other plan is bound to have only a very restricted growth wherever it is tried, as persuasion is still needed to induce individuals to take out the insurance they require for the protection of themselves and their families.

IT HAS been repeatedly demonstrated that insurance on a voluntary basis cannot be developed or distributed on any extensive scale without the services of agents. Although to the casual observer there may appear to be no reason why life insurance, for instance, should not be sold successfully over the counter or through the mails if well advertised, the fact is that small attempts to carry on a life insurance undertaking by such means have so far produced but insignificant results with little or no effect upon the total volume of life insurance in force.

At the end of 1946 the grand total of life insurance in force in Canada in Dominion and Provincial licensed life insurance companies and fraternal societies was $11,509,937,812, and by far the greater part of this insurance was sold to the policyholders by agents employed by the regular insurance companies. From a social standpoint, it is generally recognized that as wide a distribution of life insurance as practicable should be effected, because a society well protected in this way against the hazard of insecurity is apt to be a relatively stable one. The reason why the services of agents are necessary to effect such a distribution is that, left to themselves, most people who need the protection of life insurance would fail to buy it.

This has been proved over and over again by experience, although some earnest and sincere persons have believed that by selling life insurance over the counter or through the mails, instead of through agents, such a saving in cost could be brought about that people in large numbers would be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to buy this lower price insurance without solicitation.

Selling Without Agents

One such person was Louis D. Brandeis, later Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, who more than forty years ago conceived the idea of selling life insurance over the counter through the mutual savings banks. At that time in the United States the scandals involving some of the biggest life companies had cast a shadow over the business, and he felt that the best method of meeting and increasing the demand for life insurance was not eloquent and persistent persuasion, but, as in the case of other necessities of life, like groceries, was to furnish a good article at low price.

In a pamphlet by Maxwell S. Stewart, "Buying Your Own Insurance," (Public Affairs Committee, Inc., New York, 20c) the author claims that "nearly forty years of experience in Massachusetts and a briefer time in New York and Connecticut have amply confirmed the chief advantages of savings bank insurance which Justice Brandeis foresaw." But he adds that it is doubtful whether it will ever replace "high-cost" industrial insurance as Justice Brandeis had hoped.

While he claims that this form of insurance is considerably cheaper than that offered by the regular companies, he also points out that the amount saved by buying over the counter rather than from an agent varies with different policies and in different states. The claim is also made that the savings banks provide more liberal cash and loan values, especially during the earlier years of the policy, and that, in general, people find the savings banks a convenient place to pay their insurance premiums, and have reason to believe in the safety of their savings bank.

He also claims that the proportion of policyholders who allow their savings bank insurance to lapse is very low as compared with the proportion of lapses among the policyholders of the regular companies. He says: "The fact that regular insurance is *sold*, often with high pressure tactics, while savings bank insurance is *bought* by persons who know what they want and think they can afford to keep it undoubtedly accounts in large part for the retention of a much greater proportion of savings bank policies."

Paradoxically, however, the author points to the fact that the chief weakness of savings bank life insurance arises from what he regards as its greatest strength—the lack of a sales organization. He admits that working class families, for whom the insurance is especially beneficial have for the most part failed to take advantage of this cheap over-the-counter insurance, and that even today many more such families are buying "high cost" industrial insurance than are purchasing insurance from the savings banks.

He states: "We are forced to conclude that a great many people simply have not enough foresight to walk into a savings bank and buy over-the-counter insurance . . . They need an agent, a payroll deduction plan, or some other device to compel them to take the most elementary precaution for the protection of their families."

Still Need the Agent

This would seem to make it plain that it availeth little to take steps to reduce the cost of insurance to the public by the elimination of the agent and his commission, if after the agent has ceased from troubling the public still decline to buy this over-the-counter insurance, to any large extent and persist in purchasing the great bulk of their protection from the agents of the regular companies.

Without the services of agents, life insurance on the savings bank plan or any other plan is bound to have only a very limited growth wherever it is tried. Persuasion is still needed in the great majority of cases to induce individuals to obtain the kind of protection they need for the protection of themselves and their families. As insurance is voluntary, and as insurance needs are variable, there must be insurance planning and servicing.

Individual contact with likely prospects must be effected, so that the various insurance plans will be brought to their attention and explained in order that the one best fitted to meet the requirements will be selected.

Even after these benefits have been recognized, it is often by no means a simple matter to settle upon a plan of insurance, as account must be taken of the individual's family responsibilities, his age and that of his dependents, if any, also his desires as to the kind of protection and method of premium payment, and his financial situation. There may, too, be complicated questions as to optional modes of settlement, clean-up funds, mortgage indebtedness, and other problems.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you explain what the difference is, if any, between a contingent beneficiary and a contingent payee under a life insurance policy? Would not a contingent beneficiary, once named, automatically become the contingent payee and retain full rights in the policy and its proceeds?

—H.R.M., Kitchener, Ont.

In the case of an income policy which provides in its terms for payments for a fixed number of years, the policy provides that the contingent beneficiary shall become the contingent payee. But in the case of a policy to be settled through elec-

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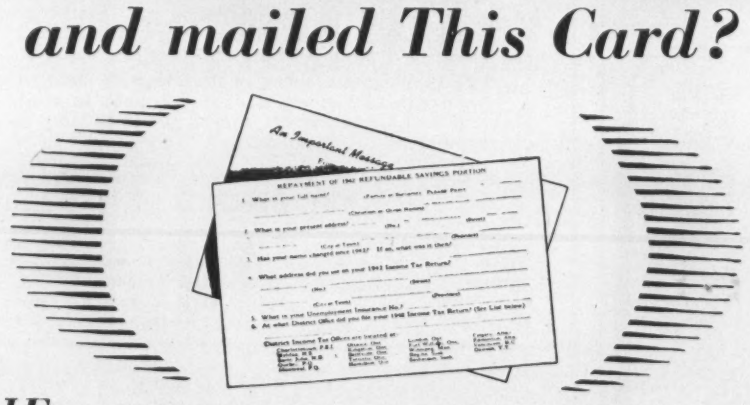

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If you have a change of name or address to report *do it now.*
It will assist in the proper delivery of your cheque!

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL REVENUE
Taxation Division Ottawa

Hon. James J. McCann
Minister of National Revenue

tion of one or more of the optional modes of settlement, there is a distinct difference between the contingent beneficiary and the contingent payee. A contingent beneficiary is named in the application or by subsequent declaration, and becomes the beneficiary of the policy automatically if the original beneficiary dies while the insured is still living. A contingent payee is named in an election of a mode of settlement, and automatically becomes entitled to receive, in accordance with the terms of the election, any remaining payments under the settlement if the original beneficiary dies after the death of the insured. Except in the case of the policy first mentioned, it is not possible for a contingent beneficiary to become a contingent payee automatically. Once the insured dies, the interest of the contingent beneficiary ceases entirely. Only if the person who is named contingent beneficiary is also named contingent payee will he continue to have an interest in the proceeds of the policy. It is not necessary that the contingent beneficiary shall also be the contingent payee. But when a policyholder desires by an income election to provide for his wife and children against any contingency, he will not be doing a complete job unless he names his children as contingent payees as well as contingent beneficiaries.

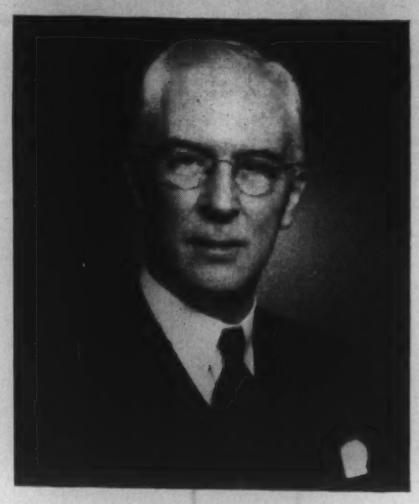
•

Editor, About Insurance:

Would you kindly let me know if a company called the Cuna Mutual Insurance Society is regularly licensed to write life insurance in Canada, and if it has a deposit with the Government here for the protection of Canadian policyholders. How long has it been in business and is it safe to insure with, particularly for group insurance? What is the extent of the business it transacts in Canada?

—S.F.J., Winnipeg, Man.

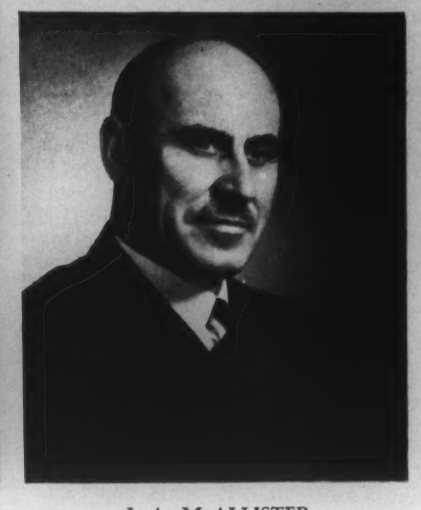
Cuna Mutual Insurance Society, with head office at Madison, Wisconsin, and chief agency in Canada at Hamilton, Ont., was organized, incorporated and commenced business in 1935, and has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since Nov. 1, 1942. It is regularly licensed in this country and has a deposit of $103,530 with the Government at Ottawa for the exclusive protection of Canadian policyholders. At the end of 1946 its assets in Canada amounted to $166,040, while its total liabilities in this country were $118,243 showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities of $47,797. Its income in Canada in 1946 was $155,703 and its disbursements, $77,699, of which $67,072 consisted of payments to policyholders and beneficiaries. Its new ordinary business in Canada last year amounted to $708,831 and its new group business totalled $1,041,436, and at the end of the year its ordinary business in force in this country amounted to $1,542,079, while its group insurance in force here totalled $17,433,317. The company operates on the legal reserve system, and is safe to insure with for ordinary and group insurance.



H. P. THORNHILL

A. M. CAMPBELL

F. J. CUNNINGHAM



J. A. McALLISTER

H. P. Thornhill has been named Second Vice-President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, while A. M. Campbell, F. J. Cunningham, and J. A. McAllister have been promoted to Assistant General Managers, according to an announcement made by Arthur B. Wood, President, following a meeting of the Board of Directors. Mr. Thornhill, who now becomes Second Vice-President and Treasurer, has been associated with the Sun Life of Canada for more than 24 years, and has held the post of Treasurer since June 1946. He is a Past President of the Dominion Mortgage and Investment Association. Alistair M. Campbell, F.I.A., F.A.S., now appointed Assistant General Manager and Actuary, joined the Sun Life in 1928, became Assistant Actuary in 1934, and Actuary in April 1946. At the beginning of the war, he was loaned to the Foreign Exchange Control Board of the Dominion Government to organize an insurance branch. He is now President of the Canadian Association of Actuaries. F. J. Cunningham, F.A.S., who becomes Assistant General Manager and Secretary, began his Sun Life career in 1922, was named Assistant Actuary in 1934 and Secretary in 1938. He is the present President of the Montreal Board of Trade. J. A. McAllister, who has been named Assistant General Manager and Director of Agencies, joined the Sun Life in 1924 as an agent in Edmonton, became in turn Inspector of Agencies, Superintendent, and in 1944, Director of the Company's worldwide agency forces. He is Past President of the Life Agency Officers Association; Past Chairman, C.L.I.O.A. (Agency Section), and is on the Board of the Life Insurance Agency Management Association.

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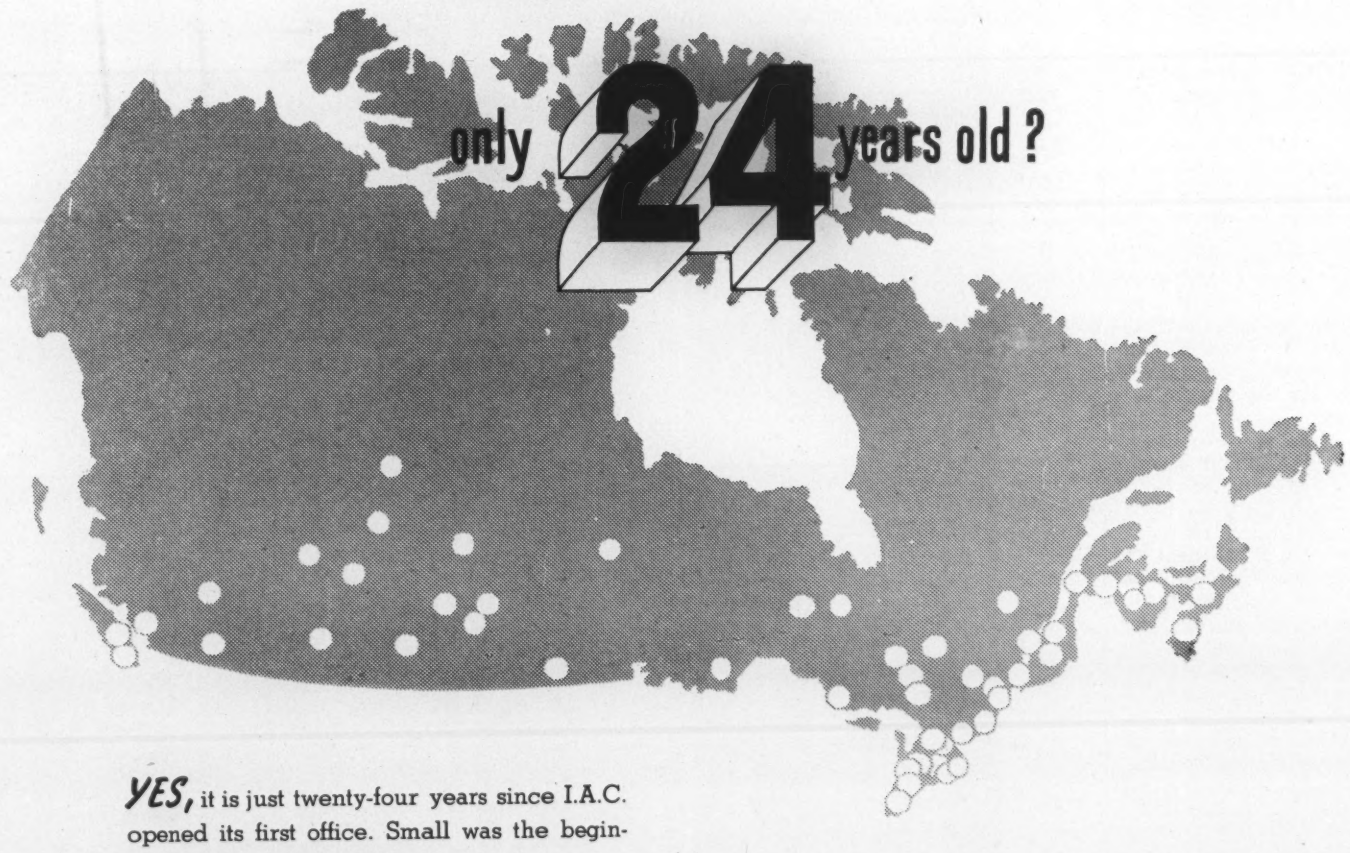
TORONTO

What!...



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NEWS OF THE MINES

(*Continued from Page 35*)

should be in operation in July, 1948. In the first nine months of the current year operating profit was $117,520 as against $131,086 in the like period of 1946. Recovery per ton this year has been $3.78 compared with $4.18 in the first three quarters last year.

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In a recent address, Ontario Securities Commissioner, C. P. McTague, pointed out that the Toronto Stock Exchange members had a definite responsibility to the public of regulating short-selling immediately, something, he said, that has not always been done in the past. Shortly after the exchange amended its short-selling regulations and from now on such trading will be out in the open, and an attempt being made to eliminate repetition of what Mr. McTague has called "two rather scandalous manipulations—Beaulieu and Eldona" during his comparatively short term as chairman of the commission. The exchange regulation as amended provides that every short-selling order shall be marked short and shall be reported accordingly to the floor trader, whose duty it shall be to see that the regulation is observed. A sale against a valid and subsisting option to purchase, however, is not a short sale within the meaning of the regulation. Further the exchange is requiring its member firms to make fortnightly reports of all outstanding short positions on their books in listed securities. The returns will be summarized by the exchange, and a statement of the aggregate short positions in each issue will be made public through the press. Commissioner McTague is quoted as saying that the new regulation is a "step in the right direction." Although the regulation will "not necessarily" become part of the Ontario security laws, the commission will be ready to take action against any "fraudulent" non-observance of it, he said. Mr. McTague believes the regulation will eliminate the abuses in short-selling which he had drawn attention to previously. While short-selling is not an evil in itself, Mr. McTague recently stated that it may be a healthy operation tending to keep stocks from overvaluation and arresting the "rigging" of the market. "But when it is permitted to be done in secret without declaration of what it is, it can become an instrument of a most unscrupulous method of market trading," he emphasized. "It should not be permitted unless it is declared for what it really is". Whether or not the amended regulation will prove fully adequate in checking the short-selling abuses remains to be seen, but at any rate, it will serve to greatly strengthen the hand of the exchange in curbing them. It is said that the local action goes further than the New York Stock Exchange, where statements of short positions are made only once a month.

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Joburke Gold Mines, in the Groundhog River area, expects to commence lateral work on two levels by the end of November. The three-compartment shaft has been completed to 408 feet, with levels established at 125,250 and 375 feet. It originally had been intended to carry the shaft to 530 feet and cut four stations. The intention is to open the second and third levels first, and approximately 100 feet of crosscutting will be required on each level before starting east-west drifts in the No. 1 zone. Surface diamond drilling, mostly to shallow depths, outlined three east-west striking zones, and the main, or No. 1 zone, has been closely drilled for a length of 925 feet.

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Production of Leitch Gold Mines, in the Beardmore area, Northwestern Ontario, for the three months ended September 30 amounted to $207,529 from the treatment of 7,565 tons, an average recovery of $27.43. This compares with $222,387 from 7,453 tons, an average of $29.84 in the preceding quarter. For the first nine months of the current year output totalled $628,488 from treatment of 22,887 tons as against $687,550 from 21,475 tons in the same period last year. Average per ton this year was $27.46 as against $32.02 in the first nine months of 1946.

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What may prove to be a discovery of major importance is said indicated by a limited amount of surface exploration on the B.C. vein at the Cariboo district property of Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Company in British Columbia. Samples running as high as 10.5 ozs. gold per ton across 5.0 feet and 10.74 ozs. across 4.5 feet have recently been reported from surface stripping operations. Sampling of the footwall side of a 90-foot section of the vein over an average width of seven feet returned assays averaging 2.24 ozs. per ton. The vein, where stripped so far, widens out to widths in excess of 20 feet. The B.C. vein has been known for many years and recommendations were made several years ago that it should be further explored. Immediate steps are to be taken to recondition the B.C. shaft and to install hoisting equipment. When this is done, the old drive on the No. 9 level will be extended and a diamond drilling program started from the 1,500-level main crosscut, which extends from the B.C. shaft to the mine's No. 1 zone.

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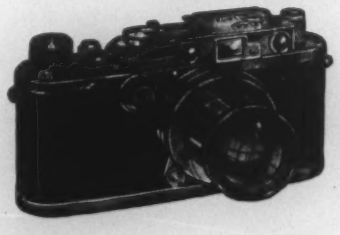

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